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Vol. CC, No. 2616
MARCH 25, 1950

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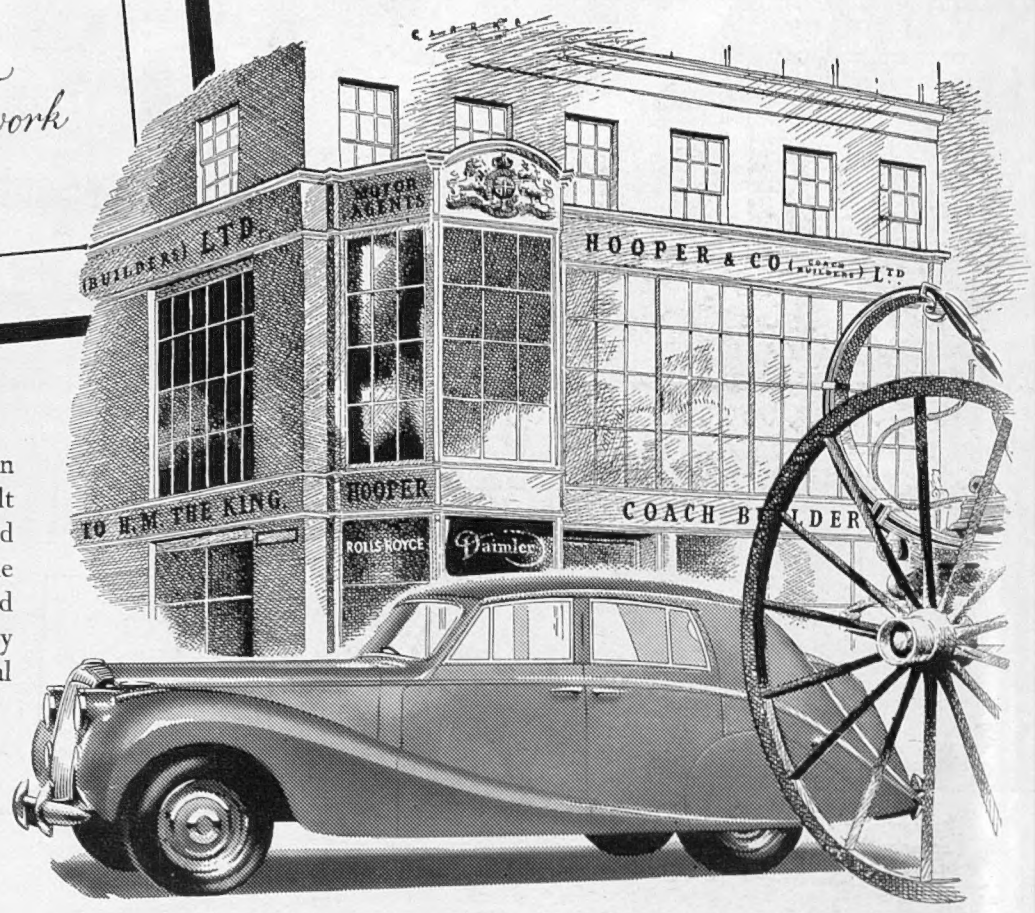

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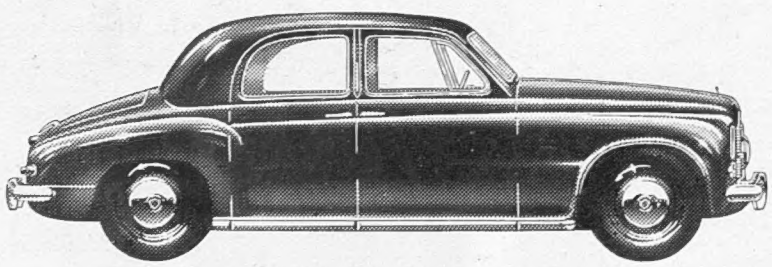

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Volume CC No. 2616 The SPHERE, London, March 25, 1950

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE JUBILEE OF THE IRISH GUARDS—THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING CHELSEA BARRACKS AFTER ATTENDING THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE OF THE IRISH GUARDS, TO WHOM HIS MAJESTY, AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, DISTRIBUTED SPRIGS OF SHAMROCK : The Queen holds the silver basket from which she and Princess Elizabeth, who is seen standing behind the King, received their shamrock. The King wore scarlet full-dress uniform, with the blue plume of St. Patrick in his bearskin

The Irish Guards were formed in 1900 to acknowledge the gallantry of the Irish regiments in the South African War, and their first public function was to mount the guard of honour at the reception by the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) of Lord Roberts on the latter's return from South Africa. Last week the King, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Irish Guards, went to Chelsea Barracks to witness the parade of the 1st Battalion on the occasion of the Regiment's jubilee. The Queen, Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Royal were with him, and among the company on the Royal dais was Field Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis, Governor-General of Canada and Colonel of the Irish Guards, who with Lady Alexander had flown the Atlantic to attend the parade. His Majesty was received on the parade ground with a Royal salute and the playing of the National Anthem. Baskets filled with shamrock were then distributed, the King handing the sprays to the officers, who lined up before him. When the distribution was over the Guards took off their bearskin head-dresses and gave three cheers for the King.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Mr. Attlee Warms Up.—I observe with amusement that the Premier is confounding some early post-election prophecies. The total loss of his overwhelming majority would cause him to sing smaller in the House. In order to "carry on the King's Government," and all that, he would roar as gently as any sucking dove, and that would be gently indeed for a lion never prone to use the full power of his lungs, but to leave the growling to others in the "pride." What happened? The fact that the two parties in the House are nearly fifty-fifty clearly has had a most exuberant effect on Mr. Churchill. He has shown himself "at the top of his form" (as the Tory journalists put it). He has been constantly in fighting form. Whether his excursions have all met the approval of his lieutenants I do not know and am not here concerned to probe. The effect on Mr. Attlee is interesting. He has hit back with a will, not pulling his punches. He has clearly won on points in some of the rounds and revealed surprising powers of aggression. In a quiet way, he has shown for five years that he could hold his own with most people in wordy fisticuffs, but rather preferred to leave it to others. Now Mr. Churchill has roused him and to date he has more than held his own. Perhaps my view is prejudiced. I am not a student of party politics and am not in the know, and so I am probably wrong in thinking that the Conservative opposition, led by Mr. Churchill, and (for all I know) wholeheartedly agreeing with their leader's tactics, have made a singularly poor start in the present Session of a Parliament which may not last very long.

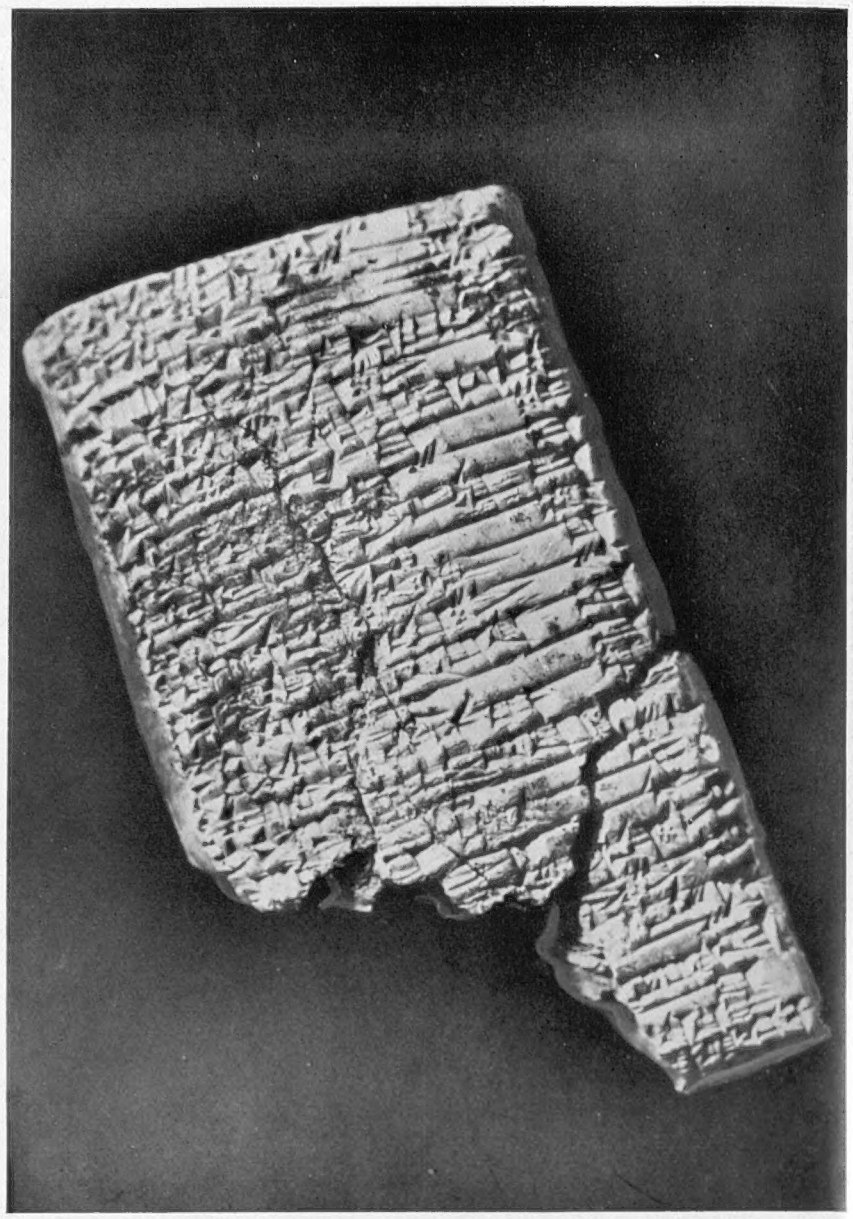
Over-Spending.—I don't suppose the Chancellor was ever forced to walk on thinner ice than during the debate on over-spending—estimates, supplementaries, Government expenditure generally. The crux was the Health Services supplementary. It was clear enough how little in theory the Chancellor and the Health Minister see eye-to-eye over this. In pleading that Mr. Bevan (the Minister responsible) was the victim of inexperience in a totally new *theory* of Government expenditure (which very few people alive yet even partially grasp), Sir Stafford was making a number of admissions which gave his own Government away and reveals Mr. Bevan as a Minister who believes in the "bottomless purse" and is reckless of dipping into it. Who would close a hospital bed? Let that miscreant stand forward and receive public condemnation. The cause is the noblest possible. The new theory is that national bankruptcy is a risk that must be taken to secure it. If Government spokesmen got away with it in the debate, they were helped by the absence of constructive examples by the Opposition of precisely *where* major cuts could still be made anywhere in Government spending. A million here, a million there certainly. But what tots up to £50,000,000 is "not enough." What hope from the Chancellor's guarantee that it will be "all right next time," his new ceiling, his new *ne plus ultra*? For the life of me, I can't see that the new guarantee is much stronger than his last assurance, which to-day is proved flabby pie-crust. These men (we might conclude) will say anything, and unsay it, and couldn't care less, and yet are never wrong. They may all have high ideals, but those ideals cancel each other out.

Mr. Speaker.—I have read debates in the House with more than usual care lately. This exercise led me to reflect on the duties of the Speaker. Somehow I had never really weighed those duties before. Day after day all through the session, all through the years, with brief reliefs, he must sit there, attentive, directive, watchful, patient, *interested*, listening to questions, speeches, interjections, references. The art of oratory is no longer a flower among the arts. Some members mumble, some are inarticulate, very, very few are interesting, and not half-a-dozen, in a spasm of vanity, would claim to be the peers of Sheridan or Burke. What triple-brass in his make-up of patience, endurance and good temper must this chosen man require, to hold down his job, year after year! He must be one in 100,000. There is no instance that I can recall of a Speaker going mad or berserk, seizing the Mace and battering the Hon. Member then on his feet before rushing screaming from the Chamber. I suppose each decade throws up one single man who can endure the job, and that man is discovered and appointed. Mr. Speaker deserves his place in the order of Precedence and such rewards as come to him.

Air Disaster.—At the moment we hold the unenviable record for a flying disaster involving human life. Nothing was wanting to add poignancy to the tragedy. It was a pleasure party, returning and within sight of home. One or two of the victims must have seen death and their own roofs with the same glance. Their friends and neighbours, met to greet them, were first on the scene of carnage. The cause is still to be discovered. The statistics will be pulled out again to prove that flying is safer than walking, and indeed this accident will give but the briefest check to civil flying. A few doubters will decide to travel by train and boat. But flying is the established, recognised means of getting about and, without consulting statistics, it may justly be said that it is no more dangerous than . . . being alive to-day or to-morrow. Until atomic warfare is effectively outlawed, there are no risks which the most prudent lover of life need avoid, except on the shortest—the day-to-day—view. The only difference between disasters in grounded or seaborne vehicles and airborne is that in the nature of things a greater proportion of deaths among passengers is likely to result from a major flying accident. The logistics of time and the law of gravity and of the emergency safeguards available appear to justify that assumption.

King Leopold.—King Leopold secured his minimum majority, and the Cabinet, torn both ways over the Royal issue, resigned. If invited to resume the crown, he is not estopped by his own decision. But will that invitation be sent by the new Cabinet? The King was more generally acceptable a year ago than to-day. His whitewashing after the war has worn off and, indeed, it was not very thoroughly laid on. Flanders and the Catholics want him back. The Socialists and Walloons are in the main opposed. The *vox populi* has, for the King's best interests, been sought too late. Of course, it was not a question of yes or no for a monarchy, or alternatively for a republic. The monarchy goes on while the King is banished. His brother has kept the throne warm for him. A referendum on this basic question, whether of the man or of the monarchy, is in essentials the same thing, and highly undesirable. But no one could think of settling the issue in any other way. At the time of writing, it does not look as if King Leopold will enjoy his own again yet awhile.

The Cat.—The "dailies," which discover and then reflect and finally boost public opinion on questions of the hour, are in no uncertainty about what a vast majority of the public are thinking just now about penalties for crimes of violence. The "gallup polls" are neither equivocal nor hesitant: 90 per cent. of those asked for their views are agog for the re-imposition of the *cat*—the cat and nothing but the cat. The arguments against corporal punishment are immensely strong and tenaciously held. The statistics pro and con are as usual unconvincing to the convinced. In the end, public opinion gets what it wants, if it 's not too late. I confess I find Mr. Ede just a little too lighthearted and complacent in pooh-poohing public opinion on this question of cosh and cat. The Lord Chancellor gave a more realistic answer. John Citizen likes to sleep quiet in his bed, and to walk abroad without anxiety to himself, his wife and his daughters—and he expects to do so even after dark. And really that should be a reasonable expectation in this year of grace, in England at any rate. The Home Secretary, good, easy man, is more optimistic or idealistic. Mr. Ede does not appear to think it reasonable; alternatively, he considers that law, order and public safety are everywhere triumphant. Those who administer the law, and the public, do not share his rosy views, and I hope they will continue to voice their own.



MURDER IN 1850 B.C.—THIS IS MAN'S OLDEST RECORD OF A MURDER TRIAL: The record of a case dating back 3,800 years has been found inscribed on this 2 by 4-in. clay tablet recently unearthed in Iraq by archæologists from the University of Chicago and the University of Pennsylvania. The tablet is among several hundred excavated at Nippur, about 100 miles south of modern Bagdad, where an expedition has been digging since last November. The cuneiform script in the Sumerian language—mankind's earliest known form of writing—was translated by Dr. Samuel Noah Kramer and Dr. Thorkild Jacobsen. Essentially, they say, the Sumerian text records the story of the trial as follows: "About 1850 B.C. three men killed another man, a temple official, and then informed his wife, Nin-Dada, that her husband had been killed. Strangely enough, she kept their secret and did not notify the authorities. The case was brought before the King, Ur-Ninurta, who ruled in his capital at Isin. The King turned it over for trial to the citizens' assembly at Nippur, which acted as a court of justice. Only the three men were turned over by the assembly to be executed in front of the chair of the murdered man. The wife was set free."

Atom War—A Breathing Space?—The first impressions derived from the Press on Dr. Vannevar Bush's momentous book on atom warfare are on the whole comforting. They suggest that that war won't come to-morrow . . . if we in the West don't sink back into complacency. I gather these crumbs of comfort: No aggressor (and we only know of one possible) can hope to be ready with his "ammunition"—enough even for a short blitz—for at least five and perhaps ten years. To reach that advantageous position, he must practically ruin his economy, so fearful is the cost of manufacture. The raw materials are not too easy to acquire. The idea of vast fleets of heavy bombers, protected by swift fighters, "soaking" an enemy country, as the Allies latterly soaked Germany, is a mare's-nest, or at least a spectre. Those bombers would be made as vulnerable as Zeppelins by an organised defence with land-based radar and other appliances and precision instruments. The cost of an "egg" (anyway) is so great that indiscriminate bombing is unthinkable. Those who live in country districts fairly remote from key cities and ports and vitally strategic targets, would sleep quieter in their beds than in 1940-42, if hostilities broke out, and they need not worry about that till 1955 or later. But . . . no complacency by Mr. Shinwell and his lieutenants.

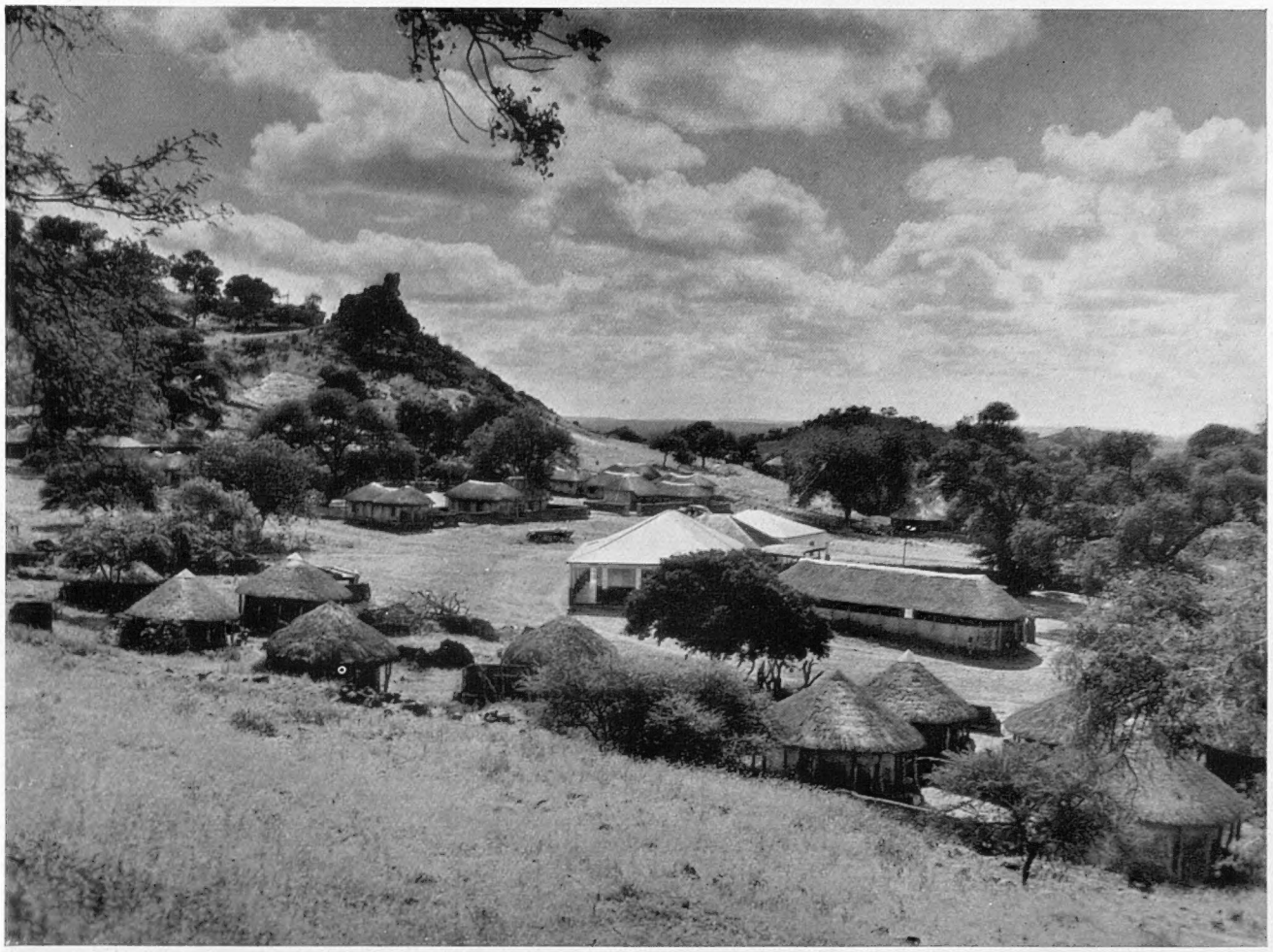
Carlton Terrace's Fate.—"Question time" the other day elicited a regrettable decision. Government offices are using ten or more of the old houses in Carlton Terrace, and in due course the whole lot of them behind Nash's façade are to be gutted and reconstituted as offices. From the Mall the Nash front will remain, a mere screen. The window at which I write these lines looks on the north side of the Terrace. What will that window look upon a few years hence? I suppose an oblong box of concrete with great plate-glass windows; something between a prison and a multiple store. And I wonder how high the long box will be. I hope it may not peer over Nash's screen on the Mall side. The spring sun shines on me over the roof-top to-day. Will that sun top the *new* roof line? After question time, Mr. Bevan, with a handsome majority swelled by the more Tory-phobe Liberals, won in the debate on housing deficiencies. One point he made was a new one to me. He argued (quite reasonably) that go-as-you-please building in the "years between" made hideous rashes and gashes all over England. He then said or implied that his planned and controlled housing had changed all that, replacing hideosity with fitness and beauty. I confess that when I look on the post-war tin-towns and the new cottages now attached to a hundred old villages, I have never yet associated what I see with beauty, and only in one sense with fitness.

THE OLD STAGER

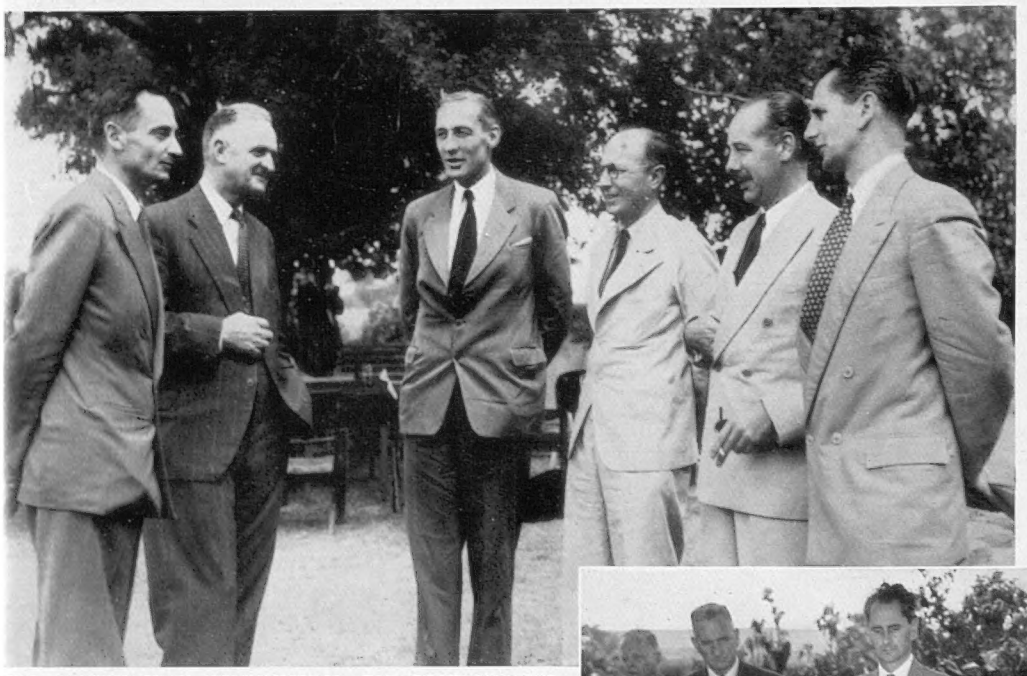
SEROWE AND SERETSE

THE BOYCOTTING OF THE TRIBAL MEETING IN BECHUANALAND

The case of Seretse Khama, hereditary chief of the Bamangwato, came into the forefront of the world news when Seretse decided to make Ruth Williams, a London typist, his wife and to return with her to his capital at Serowe. After a brief tribal quarrel between the forces of his domineering uncle, the Regent Tshekedi, and his own supporters, Seretse won the day, but final approval of his chieftainship had to come from Whitehall. Last autumn the British Government sent a commission to Bechuanaland to investigate the problem. Its verdict evidently went against Seretse. After the General Election the new Commonwealth Minister summoned Seretse to Whitehall and told him that he would be banished for five years. Parliament was inclined to be critical of the Government's high-handed action. Serowe, as these pictures show, almost completely boycotted the meeting at which the High Commissioner was to have explained the course of events. Meanwhile Seretse won permission to return to his wife Ruth, still living in Serowe and awaiting the birth of a child.

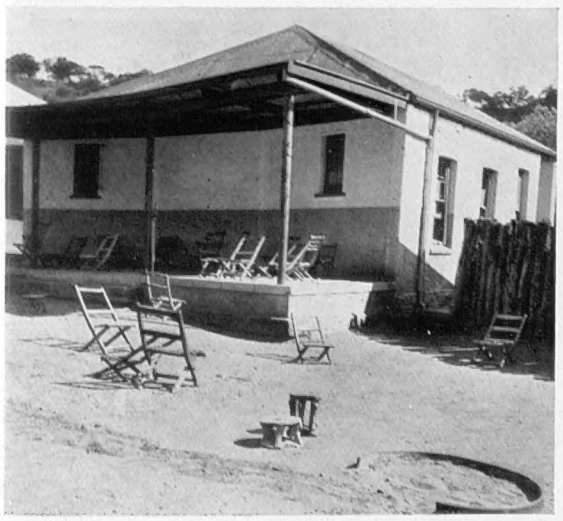


SEROWE, THE DESERTED CAPITAL OF THE BAMANGWATO TRIBE OF BECHUANALAND : This picture was taken on the day called by the British Commissioner for the big meeting at which the tribesmen were to hear the decision of the British Government regarding the future of their chief, Seretse Khama. The tribe boycotted the meeting. Serowe, which lies 35 miles from the main railway line to Rhodesia, is the largest native town in southern Africa. It is neatly laid out in the midst of fertile country

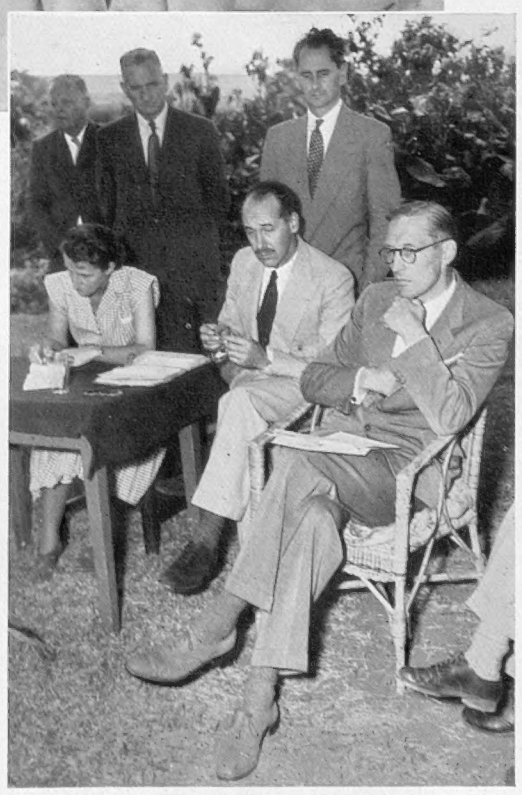


THE BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR BECHUANALAND PAYS A VISIT TO SEROWE : Sir Evelyn Baring (third from left) with other British officials. On the left is Mr. R. Sullivan, the District Commissioner. Their attempt to arrange a tribal meeting ended in a complete fiasco

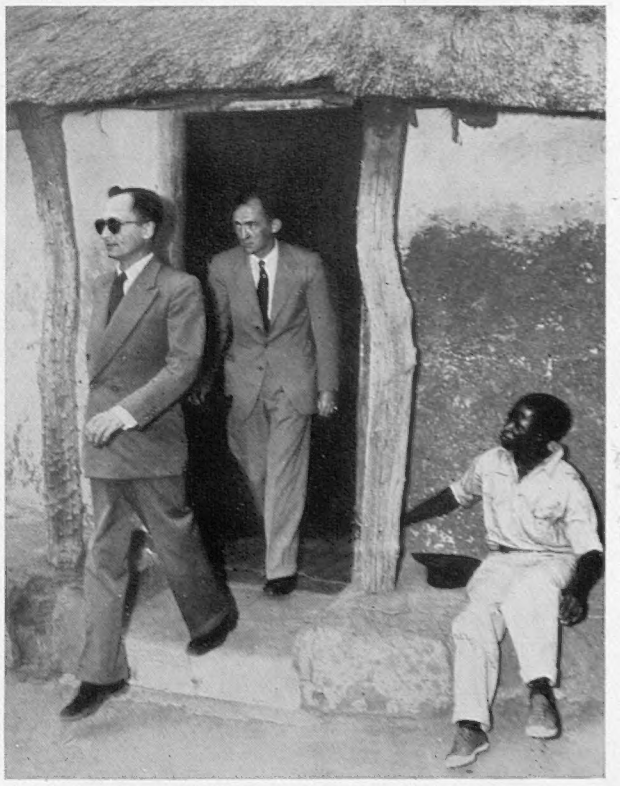
THE SEVEN MEN OF THE BAMANGWATO WHO TURNED UP FOR THE MUCH ADVERTISED TRIBAL MEETING AT SEROWE : All the rest of the tribesmen kept away as a protest against the British Government's banishment of their chief from Bechuanaland for a period of five years



HOW SEROWE REACTED TO THE VISIT OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER : The meeting-place of the tribesmen deserted after the heads of the Bamangwato had met in the morning and decided not to attend the High Commissioner's meeting in the afternoon



SIR EVELYN BARING TALKS IT OVER WITH THE PRESS : The High Commissioner is seated (right) at the Press Conference at which he discussed the implications of the tribal boycott



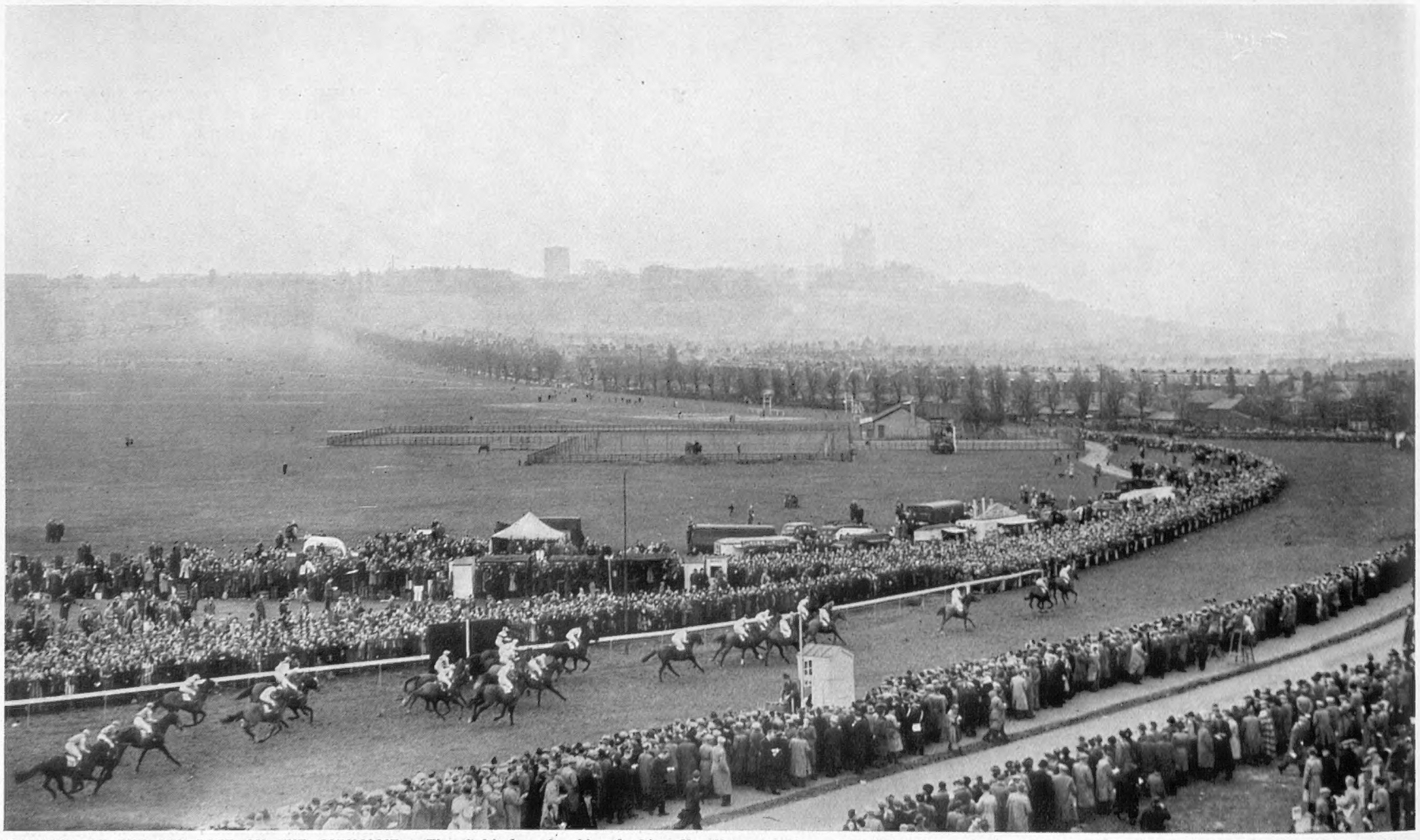
THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER ATTEMPTS TO DEAL WITH THE BOYCOTT : Mr. Sullivan, followed by his aide, leaving a hut at Serowe after endeavouring to influence a Bamangwato chief against continuing the boycott

GORDON RICHARDS LOOKS ROUND FOR THE OPPOSITION AS HE TAKES DRAMATIC PAST THE POST, AN EASY WINNER OF THE LINCOLN, THE FIRST BIG HANDICAP OF THE FLAT-RACING SEASON : Dramatic, second favourite for the race at odds of 7 to 1, was drawn well, four places from the outside in a field of forty. About two furlongs from the finish Dramatic came up with the early leaders, and then drew ahead to win from Fair Judgement, last year's winner, and the outsider Paljoy, who was moving fast in the closing stages of the race. Dramatic's victory was a triumph of painstaking training. The horse suffered last year from rheumatoid arthritis in a hind leg, and it seemed possible after his victory in the Stewards' Cup that he might never race again. Dramatic ran in the colours of Mr. A. E. Saunders, who leases him from Lady Wentworth. Dramatic had been well backed for the race and his name was linked with that of prominent candidates in the Grand National

A RUNAWAY LINCOLN

GORDON RICHARDS ON DRAMATIC WINS THE SEASON'S FIRST BIG HANDICAP

MR. SAUNDERS'S DRAMATIC, WINNER OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP, WITH GORDON RICHARDS UP : The champion jockey about to ride into the unsaddling enclosure after scoring a very easy victory in the first of the big handicaps



THE END OF THE BIG RACE ON THE CARHOLME : The field for the Lincolnshire Handicap passing the post. Richards on Dramatic is seen on the extreme right pulling up his mount before turning in towards the unsaddling enclosure. Through the mist on the hill can be seen the towers of the Cathedral. The meeting was well attended, and there were large fields for nearly every event—so large, indeed, that stabling accommodation in the vicinity was taxed to the uttermost

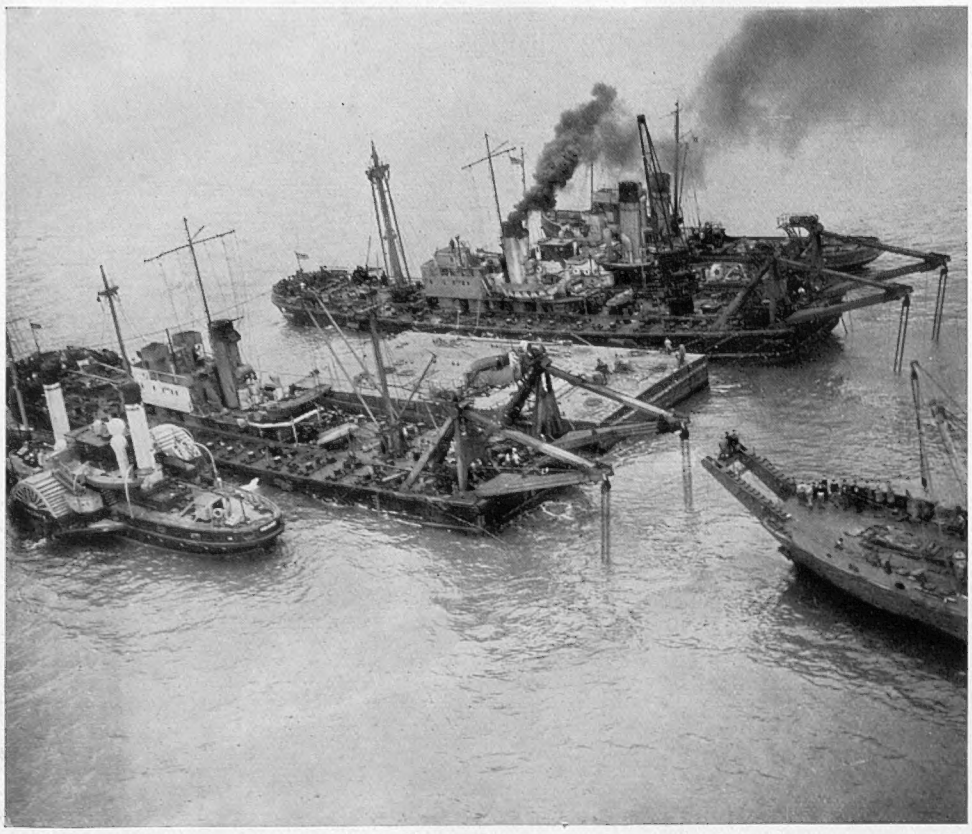
THE DE HAVILLAND COMET COMES IN TO LAND AT HATFIELD, PASSING LOW OVER THE HEADS OF HOMEWARD-BOUND WORKERS : When it touched-down after this latest trip the world's first four-jet air-liner had flown from Hatfield to Rome and back in a flying time of just over four hours, establishing new point-to-point records in both directions. At the controls of the Comet was Group-Captain John Cunningham, the de Havilland Aircraft Company's Chief Test Pilot, and the crew of five included a test engineer. Among the seven passengers were three senior officials of the Ministry of Supply, Air Marshal Sir Alec Corytown, Controller of Supplies (Air) ; Sir Archibald Rowlands, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry ; and Mr. F. C. Musgrave, Under-Secretary (Air). Taking off from Hatfield at 9.14 a.m., the Comet arrived over Ciampino Airport, Rome, at 11.16 a.m. Although it had made the journey in only 122 minutes it was not quite such a fast flight as Group-Captain Cunningham had expected, owing to headwinds. After luncheon in Rome the party set out on the return flight at 3.30 p.m. and were back at Hatfield by 5.35 p.m. The previous point-to-point record between London and Rome was 2 hrs. 31 mins. $52\frac{2}{5}$ secs

GROUP-CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM EMERGES FROM THE DE HAVILLAND COMET AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL TWO-WAY FLIGHT : The De Havilland Test Pilot waving to onlookers following the return to Hatfield. Throughout the 1,800 miles he had averaged 440 m.p.h. Last October Group-Captain Cunningham flew the Comet from London Airport to Castle Benito Airport, in Tripolitania, and back—a total distance of almost 3,000 miles—in the elapsed time of $8\frac{3}{4}$ hours

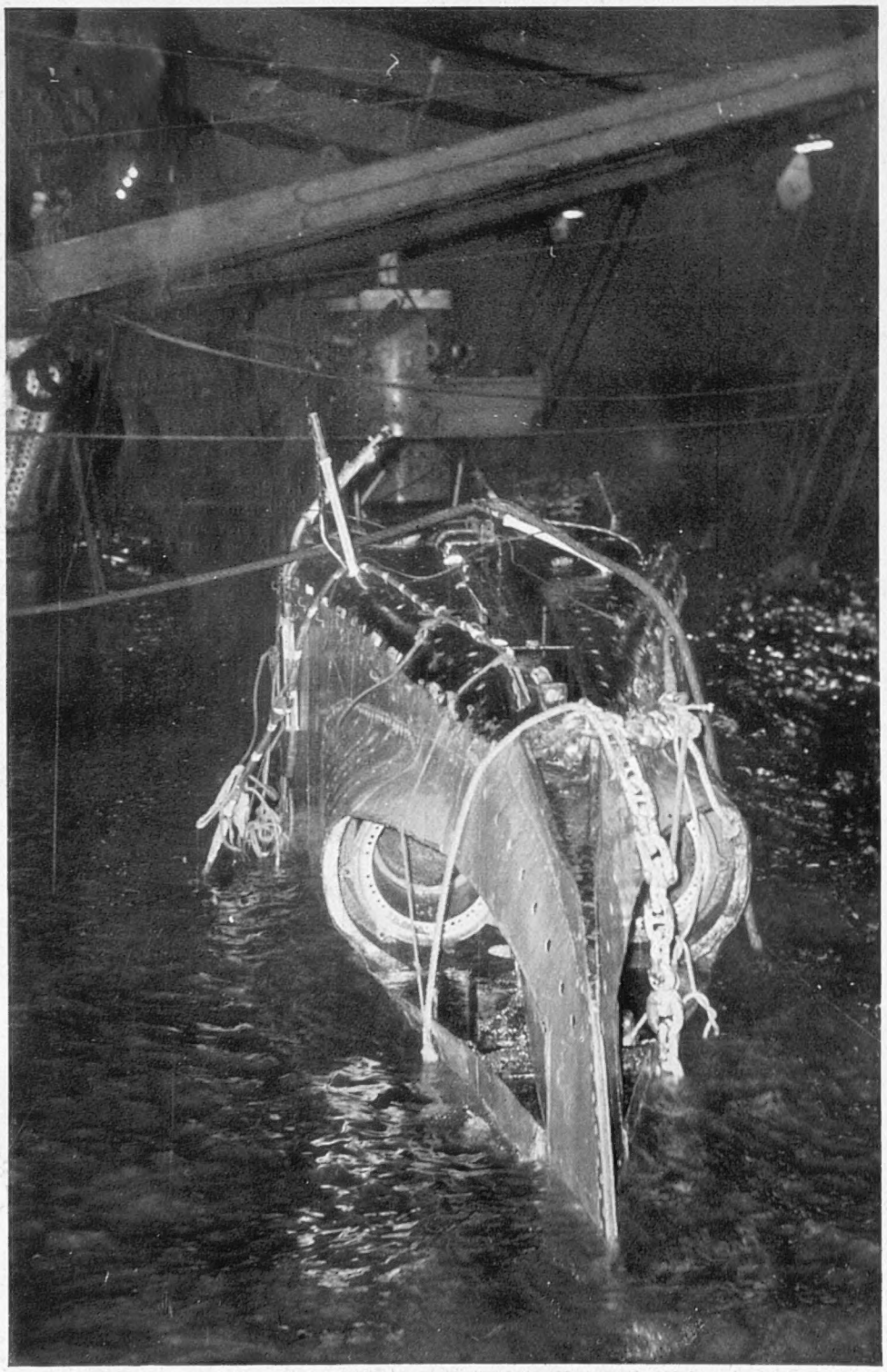
TO ROME AND BACK IN FOUR HOURS

THE DE HAVILLAND COMET WINS NEW LAURELS

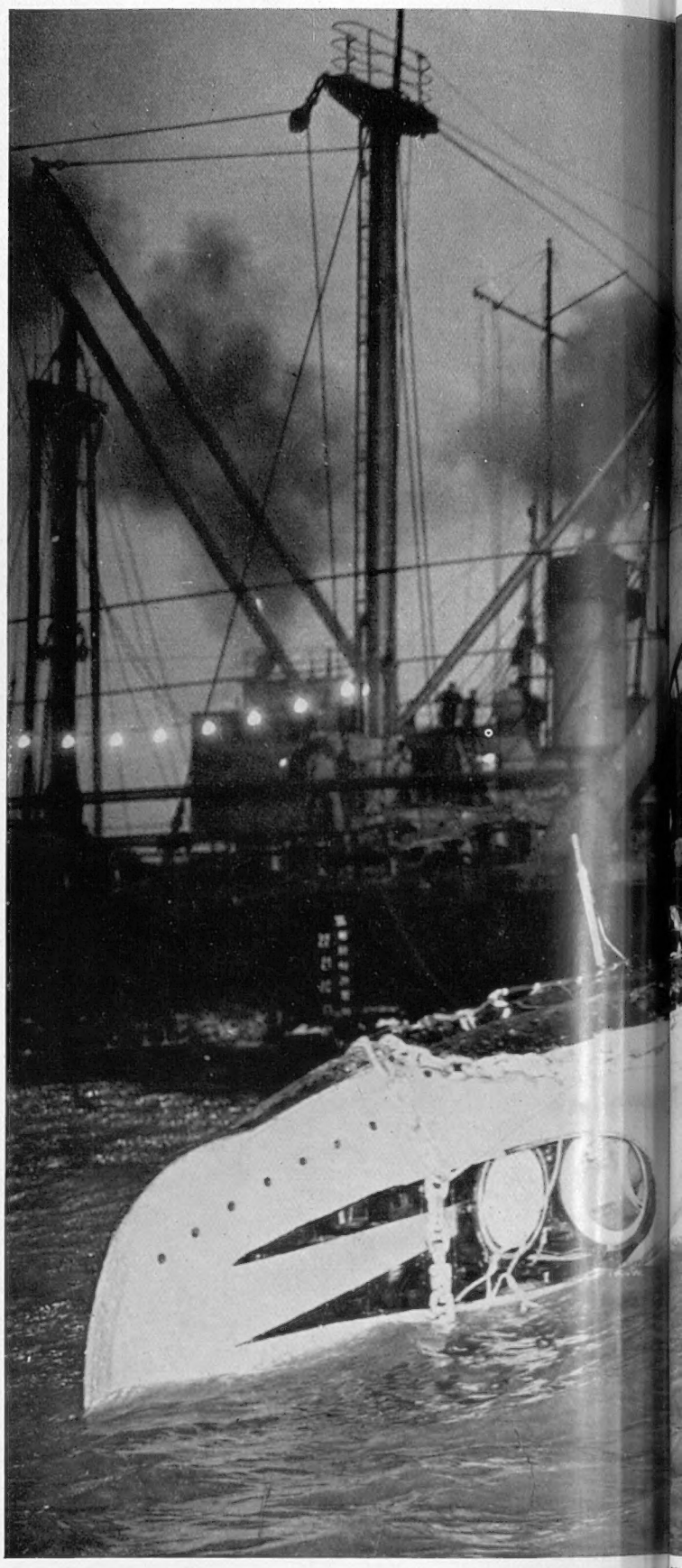
SAFE AND SOUND AFTER ANOTHER AERIAL ADVENTURE : The Comet at Hatfield following the return from Rome. Since its initial flight last July, the prototype has given no trouble, and has put up some fine performances. Within a few weeks of the maiden flight it had achieved its proposed operational altitude of 40,000 ft.



ALL IS SET FOR "THE BIG LIFT": The Admiralty lifting vessels *Ausdauer* (left foreground, next to paddle steamer) and *Energie* (lying beyond the pontoon) ready to raise the submarine *Truculent* from the Thames from the point where she sank by the Shivering Sands, nine miles from Sheerness. Lying broadside in four steel slings, the *Truculent* was lifted about 50 ft. and then towed five miles up the river to Cheney Spit



THE HULL OF THE "TRUCULENT" APPEARS ABOVE THE SURFACE AFTER A LIFTING OPERATION LASTING 2½ HOURS: The submarine as she came to the surface cradled in steel hawsers, which had been placed in position by divers working in the swift currents of the Thames Estuary. In the foreground can be seen the torpedo tubes and in the background is the conning-tower



RAISING THE "TRUCULENT"

HOW THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE WAS SURFACED IN THE THAMES ESTUARY

On Thursday and Friday of last week the submarine *Truculent*, lying battered in 10 ft. of water in the Thames Estuary, after being raised and beached on a sandbank, gave up the first of her secrets. Groping in the Control Room, Lieut.-Engineer J. E. Stevenson, one of the four officer survivors, came upon two of his dead comrades. He had been preceded into the submarine by a diver who closed the forward bulkhead, and a surgeon-commander, wearing an oxygen mask and bulky rubber overalls, who peered into the gun hatch in front of the conning-tower. After white mice had been used to test the atmosphere, Lieutenant Stevenson and six others lowered themselves into the submarine. As they reached the entrance of the forward torpedo stowage room they found in front of them a watertight door which had jammed 3 ins. open. It seems possible that had that door been closed the *Truculent* might never have sunk beneath the waters of the Thames Estuary after she was hit by the *Divina*. The after-compartments were then pumped and examined, and preparations were made to gain entrance. By last week-end ten bodies had been recovered.

Hardly less dramatic than the first entrance was the initial lifting operation. Despite vast technical difficulties, the operation was well conceived and admirably carried out. Two lifting vessels, the *Energie* and the *Ausdauer*, which formerly belonged to Germany, were locked alongside each other separated by a pontoon. Each had two massive jibs projecting over the water from their sterns, and from blocks attached to each of the jibs ran hawsers to similar blocks attached to four slings round the body of the submarine. The lifting operation began at 3.45 p.m., shortly after low water, and at about 5.20 p.m. the tip of the bent periscope of the submarine broke the surface. The movement continued at a rate of about 20 ft. an hour, until the time came to tow the raised submarine to the Cheney Spit, where at low states of the tide she would be left high and dry to allow access to be gained to the hull. Last Monday it was stated that the submarine might be refitted for service

BENEATH THE GLARE OF FLOODLIGHTS THE SUBMARINE "TRUCULENT," HOLED BY THE SWEDISH TANKER "DIVINA" LAST JANUARY, IS RAISED TO THE SURFACE IN THE THAMES ESTUARY: **The uncertainty of the tide and currents at this spot where Thames and Medway mingle, and the position in which the *Truculent* lay, made the work of salvage one of great technical difficulty.** As soon as this initial lift was complete and the submarine had been towed up-river to Cheney Spit, where she lay on higher ground, it was found necessary to prepare for a second lift to ensure that the vessel lay above the tide-level long enough to effect temporary repairs and to render her buoyant. This second lift was accomplished on Thursday of last week, when the *Truculent* was beached a mile and a half from the Isle of Sheppey. On the next day the bodies of ten men were recovered

TWO STAGES IN THE INITIAL LIFT AS THE CONNING-TOWER BEGAN TO EMERGE ABOVE THE THAMES ESTUARY: **Neatly cradled in hawsers, the *Truculent* was lifted in an upright position, the tip of her radar mast being the first object to appear. Fifteen minutes later, the periscope columns and the bridge superstructure broke surface, and these were followed by the conning-tower, bearing the vessel's name. The gash in the starboard bow, made by the tanker *Divina*, was seen to be 2 ft. wide**

A SOFT DRINK CAUSES A POLITICAL WAR

France Reacts to America's "Dry" Tipple

By FERDINAND TUOHY

COCA-COLA first fizzed in 1886 at Atlanta, Georgia, though Europe was not to know of its existence until thirty years later. In 1917 it was shipped across for the Doughboys to the strains of "Over There!" and in 1919 there ensued a *piano* marketing of it on this side of the Atlantic.

My first acquaintance with it was in the years following, in New York. While I used to break the Prohibition law, women friends preferred a "Coke," which, when swallowed with a couple of Baer aspirin tablets, would visibly produce a "kick." For women who did not like to risk coming out in spots from indulgence in "bath-tub" gin, Coca-Cola and Baer came to be a reliable antidote to that tired feeling, a feeling not to be evaded by the hardiest sons and daughters of Manhattan.

Sales over here were fitful and specialised through the '20's and the '30's, but in the meantime a "Coke" had become America's national soft drink, with the result that when the U.S. Forces crossed a second time to Europe, their requirements far outstripped the Doughboys' former need.

By 1947 the American Zone of Germany was sprinkled with Coca-Cola stations, and you could stop perambulating red trucks and have a five-cent swig. Germans might say that was the beginning of "Coca-Colonisation." But I think one must cross to Morocco for the roots of the laughable rumpus which has taken a place in the cold war.

The Americans secured extremely favourable trading rights in French Morocco, so much so, that the French saw their own products being side-tracked. This has since been remedied up to a point, but "Coke" came to be manufactured on the spot, and its appeal to non-alcohol-drinking Muslims (not that Islam's teaching is rigidly adhered to) impinged on the consumption of French-made fruit-juices and imitations, if not of wine.

Did the Arabs find a "kick" in it, too? It 's possible. Let 's look at the ingredients. In America these are: caffeine, coca leaf, cola-nut, sugar, caramel colouring, and carbonated water. But the Coca-Cola manager for France, Alfred Schwab, is reported to have admitted the additional presence of phosphoric acid in the Moroccan product. Phosphates are a prime local product, but whether they give a "kick," I do not know.

Nor do I know if there 's a risk of cocaine eventuating from use of the coca leaf which grows in Bolivia and is the raw material of the drug and the dope. What is admitted, is that the coca leaf may damage the teeth.

Last October the scene changed to Italy. Coca-Cola was being advertised there, as only Americans know how—gaudily, insistently, blatantly. There is a story that the fateful label was neon-writ on part of Milan Cathedral. This soft drink was forced on the minds, if not down the throats, of Italians old and young—and if the old stuck to their wine, the young, who are apt to succumb to "*le snobbism Américain*," added Coca-Cola to those other lampooned props of American civilisation—the nylon, the car and the cigarette.

It was then that some Communist had a brain-wave. Why not weave "Coke" into ideological warfare as the symbol of that American trade imperialism by which Americans were alleged to be compelling Europeans to buy specific U.S. imports as the *quid pro quo* of Marshall Aid? Touring Italy, Alexander Fadeyev launched The Cola War (Fadeyev is the author who last year beat his breast over some of his own writings, as wicked wanderings from Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy). I quote from a leading-article in the *New York Herald-Tribune*:

"'Is the Soviet Union,' cried Fadeyev in scorn, 'flooding this country renowned for its refreshing drinks, with Coca-Cola?' Mr. Fadeyev spoke in Russian, but on hearing the words 'Coca-Cola' his Italian audience burst into applause. Encouraged by this beginning, the Communists took their campaign over the Alps, coining the word 'Coca-Colonisation' to clinch their anti-American arguments."

First stop over the Alps—Montpellier. This is not only the centre of the Midi's winefields, but also of a quite "Red" region. In waging total cold war, Communists think of everything. These vineyards produce most of the wine drunk by the French working-man, and a local trade newspaper was stimulated into launching a campaign against the American invader. And the wine interests being very influential, the campaign led to Coca-Cola becoming a political issue in the National Assembly, in Paris.

At first the Communists tabled a motion simply to ban its sale and manufacture. "Are you going to permit the poisoning of French men and women by this toxic American drink being sold on the *grands boulevards* of Paris?" cried a Communist deputy. "Let the French drink what they like and trust their good taste," retorted Health Minister Schneider.

The Cola War seemed likely to die down with this sage utterance; but then, it was, that the Communists found surprising fellow-crusaders.

François Mauriac wrote about the danger of French culture, taste and immemorial habits—in short, of French civilisation being swamped by atomic-powered American importations, not only material but of the mind and character. And Premier Bidault's M.R.P.-favouring *Le Monde* took up the refrain. "What the French criticise," it wrote, "is less the drink itself than the civilisation, of which it is a sign and symbol . . . red delivery trucks and walls covered with advertisements . . . it is a question of the whole panorama and morale of French civilisation."

The point was made that atomic advertising techniques stand out much more sharply against old French walls than in an American city. "A big red Coca-Cola truck rolling down a narrow street on the [Paris] Left Bank monopolises the landscape completely. In New York, naturally, it would have to compete with equally big and equally red trucks hauling other soft drinks or beer or whisky or shoe polish."

Another point was that the Americans should at least write French when composing sales slogans. Their blanketing one, *Buvez Coca-Cola*, might convey "Drink Coca-Cola" to Atlanta board meetings, but it was not French. *Buvez du* (or *votre*) *Coca-Cola*—yes.

Meanwhile, a fraud suit was instituted against the French company bottling the drink (on account of ingredients not showing on the label) and the Communists returned to the attack with a Bill which did not mention Coca-Cola but gave the Health Minister power to forbid the sale of beverages containing "certain vegetal products," some of which are in "Coke." The Bill passed by 366 to 202. And that was the signal for the State Department to join in the effervescence.

Any ban on "Coke" was contrary to Franco-American trade agreements, which provide for low U.S. tariffs on most French wines in return for similar French concessions in respect of American soft drinks. Congressmen might raise tariffs on French wines by way of retaliation.

And while Mayor Hartsfield, of Atlanta, home of "Coke," crossed to Paris with three bottles showing in his jacket pocket, Representative Preston, also of Georgia, told a Press conference the French didn't know what they were denigrating, that "Coke" would give them "something they 've needed since the war ended, and that is a good belch."

But it was James A. Farley, who brought up the heavy artillery. Farley was formerly President Roosevelt's Postmaster and is still a typical political boss by nature, although he has become lord-high-head of the Coca-Cola world empire with net sales of £74,000,000 and £13,000,000 profits in the year ending March 9. "Coca-Cola," he led off tellingly, "wasn't injurious to the health of the American soldiers who liberated France from the Nazis so that the Communist Deputies could be in session to-day."

"The Communists," went on Farley, "are frightened of such an ambassador of goodwill as Coca-Cola, the American drink popular at home for sixty-four years and to-day served under the same formula everywhere except in Communist countries." That "same" has been queried in a Paris court of law; but, apart from this, an atomic advertising campaign is foreseen as being now necessary to maintain the American public's confidence in its beloved dry tipple.

Which reminds that the powerful "dry" lobby at Washington, once more very active, has a strong interest in any world-wide pushing of soft drinks, such as that led by Mr. Farley. None other than Pussyfoot Johnson told me why in days long gone, when I asked him what on earth it mattered to Americans what John Bull drank. He pointed out that Prohibition could never be secured in his country as long as liquor was made elsewhere.

So there may be justification for French and Italian measures to protect the national wine-drinking habit which has forged some of the national character and built an industry.

"I 'm afraid General Lafayette would think this decision was small reward for General Marshall's plan and for President Truman's plea in Point Four for American business to expand in France and elsewhere abroad," concluded the Farley manifesto. Lafayette might also have reflected on other aspects.

The Lafayette note had been introduced by the Hearst and McCormick papers. An example: "Our debt to Lafayette, which, if you ask us, was paid long ago, does not include accepting dirty little digs at our foreign trade. . . . Should the worst come to the worst we could lop off Marshall Plan aid to that dear France at the pop of a Coke bottle top."

But from an urbane America there arose cries of "Vive la France and vive its moral landscape and vive the freedom to drink Coca-Cola!"

Yet an urbane American may have been slightly pained and surprised by the Mauriac-*Monde* recoil from further inroads by American civilisation. For such a one there 's comfort in the thought that some Americans are worried too. As an Orson Welles, who lately inveighed against "American juke-box civilisation."

The last word goes to the *bistro* keeper. "The glass of Beaujolais is in no danger. But there should be a boom in le Coke in the summer, especially in dance halls."

THE PARIS POLICE RECONSTRUCT WHAT HAPPENED AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME: Jose Suarez, one of the accused, who is seen standing beside the car, was brought back to the place where the shooting took place and made to take part in a police reconstruction. On the left, holding a gun, is a police inspector impersonating another of the accused (Olive Jiminez), and lying on the ground behind Suarez is a gendarme impersonating the victim, a police officer. In the right foreground is another gendarme impersonating one of those wounded in the battle

BRITISH TROOPS ON PARADE IN THE HERMANN GÖRING WORKS AT WATENSTEDT-SALZGITTER, WHERE THERE HAVE BEEN RIOTS BY GERMAN WORKERS AGAINST THE PROGRESS OF DISMANTLING: Men of the Guards and the Durham Light Infantry have been among the units drafted in to maintain order as dismantling squads have carried out their tasks in the factory area under the terms of Three-Power policy

DISMANTLING

THE No. 1 PROBLEM IN GERMANY

British Troops Stand-by at the Göring Works

Germany's No. 1 problem to-day is the problem of dismantling. Among the 1,700,000 unemployed of the Western Zones a wave of indignation has run, and it reached its peak when the dismantling squads set to work on the celebrated Hermann Göring plant at Watenstedt-Salzgitter in the British Zone, an area of considerable unemployment. Demolition has proceeded according to plan since the first riots were put down.

Sir Brian Robertson, the British High Commissioner, has taken the view that the German police were gravely at fault in not dealing with the first rioters at Watenstedt, and it was owing to the unreliability of those police that he had to order British troops to step in. Last week there were Communist demonstrations against dismantling both at Hamburg and Frankfurt and the situation showed signs of deteriorating.

UNEMPLOYED GERMANS WATCH THE PROGRESS OF DEMOLITION AT THE GÖRING WORKS: Their vantage point was a bridge over the nearby railway yards. They could not enter the factory, as British troops were protecting the dismantling squads by holding every point of entry. In the previous week German police had shown ineptitude in dealing with anti-dismantlers

WRECKED BY THE MOB: This 180-ft. derrick was turned over by the rioters, who invaded the Hermann Göring works to demonstrate against dismantling. It was after this riot that troops moved in

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DEMOLISHING the SIEGFRIED LINE

The Work Nears Completion in the French Zone of Germany

The French Military Government in Rhineland-Pfalz began the demolition of the Siegfried Line in 1946. Since then over 5,000 of the 10,000 bunkers in the area have been blown up; and 200 fortresses and 60 miles of dragon's teeth tank traps have been destroyed. In addition, vast mine areas have been cleared. German demolition crews once numbering 5,000, have now been reduced to 100. Volunteer mine-searchers received extra pay and ration cards similar to those issued to coal-miners. They also received special issues of clothing, schnapps and cigarettes. Thirty-six (including a French officer) have so far been killed and 170 injured. More than 4,000,000 lb. of blasting powder have been used, costing 20,000,000 Deutschemarks, or about 5,000,000 dollars. The steel turrets of the bunkers had to be cut away with acetyline torches. Some of these turrets weighed 25 tons and demolition occupied a full day's work. The steel scrap is sent to France. Farmers have now been allowed to return, and, in addition, many homeless families have joined them; some finding temporary shelter in the remaining bunkers.

DEMOLISHING THE SIEGFRIED LINE: Blowing up one of the few remaining bunkers near Obersinten, in the French Zone. Over 5,000 bunkers and 200 fortresses have been destroyed since demolition operations began in 1946. Volunteer German crews work under French supervision. This picture was taken only 1,000 ft. away from the explosion. Demolition crews must move 2,600 ft. away according to the local safety regulations

A "MINE GARDEN": A German mine searcher unloads grenades. Dangerous ammunition, etc., found by the German crews who are clearing the Line, is placed in these so-called "mine gardens"

A BUNKER WHICH ACTS AS A DAM: This former bunker has escaped destruction by demolition crews because it acts as a dam for a river. The planners of the Line intended to inundate the whole area when enemy troops approached. The blasting of this bunker with the dam on the right would flood an entire valley

FARMING ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE: *Left*—This German farmer ploughs the ground between the debris of blasted bunkers near Zweibrücken. *On the right*—A shepherd cleans out the entrance to a bunker which he uses as a stable. The sign above the entrance is the "West Wall Badge," and shows the date of completion of the bunker in 1940. The Siegfried Line was built between 1937 and 1940, and there were originally 10,000 bunkers in the area which is now occupied by the French

BUILDING ACTIVITY IN THE COURTYARD OF CASSINO MONASTERY: The shattered Benedictine Abbey as it appears to-day, six years after the capitulation. Only a little rebuilding of the Abbey has so far been done. It was on March 15, 1944, that the monastery and the town took the weight of 25,000 tons of bombs. The monastery, pivot of the much-vaunted Gustav Line, did not fall at once as expected, and more weeks of savage fighting followed before the capitulation

THE RISE OF THE NEW CASSINO

The Monastery and the Town Emerge from the Rubble

To-day, six years after its capture by Allied troops of the Eighth Army, the town of Cassino, scene of the bitterest fighting of the Italian campaign, has begun to emerge again from the heap of rubble to which it was reduced. Many handsome buildings now stand astride Highway Six, the strategic route to Rome, 60 miles to the north. Due to transport and supply difficulties, rebuilding is necessarily slow, and it will be years yet before Cassino really recovers from the appalling wreckage of war. Once it was one of the prettiest towns in Italy. The restoration of the monastery will probably be met out of public funds, as it is a national monument. It was founded by St. Benedict in 529 on the site of a Temple of Apollo. Among the new buildings in Cassino are several handsome blocks of workers' flats built by the Italian Ministry of Public Works. They each accommodate about twenty-two families who lived in Cassino before the invasion of Italy and fled as the tide of battle rolled north.

LOOKING ACROSS PART OF THE WAR-WRECKED TOWN OF CASSINO TO THE NEW TOWN WHICH IS RISING FARTHER DOWN THE VALLEY: Building has gone ahead steadily since 1946, and Cassino may one day become the handsomest town in Italy, just as it was once one of the prettiest towns

THE BELLS FOR THE NEW CHURCH BEING BUILT ON THE MONASTERY SITE AT CASSINO: Temporarily they are slung in wooden cradles as the task of completing the bell tower goes ahead

FROM BOTH SIDES OF "THE CURTAIN"

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

MARSHAL TITO'S SOVIET DENUNCIATION—THE YUGOSLAVIAN LEADER ADDRESSES A MASS MEETING IN THE ADRIATIC PORT OF SPLIT DURING THE COURSE OF HIS ELECTION CAMPAIGN: *Left*—The throng of 80,000 people which gathered to hear the Marshal declare that there was no truth in the reports that he was on the verge of negotiating with the Russians and that he had no intention of initiating such negotiations. The Soviet Government would have to apologise for its recent actions, he said, before Yugoslavia could consider any approach. *Right*—The Marshal on the rostrum during his speech. Yugoslavia's election is to-morrow (Sunday, March 26)

Marshal Tito was in fighting mood during his speech at Split, and in order to demonstrate to his fellow-countrymen how impossible and improbable negotiations with Moscow would be to-day and in the near future, he denounced nearly all the leaders of the Cominform States as "base characters and liars." He named Vice-Premier Matyas Rakosi of Hungary, Foreign Minister Ana Pauker of Rumania, President Boleslaw Bierut of Poland, Premier Vulko Chervenkov of Bulgaria, President Klement Gottwald of Czechoslovakia and Dolores Ibarruri (La Pasionaria), Spanish Communist party leader. "We can say to all of them," declared the Marshal, "that they are base people, that they are crawling, that they do not have the courage of Communists to speak the truth. We have the courage of Communists to say to all of them, together with those of the Bolshevist party, that they are wrong. We have the courage to tell all of them that they are lying."

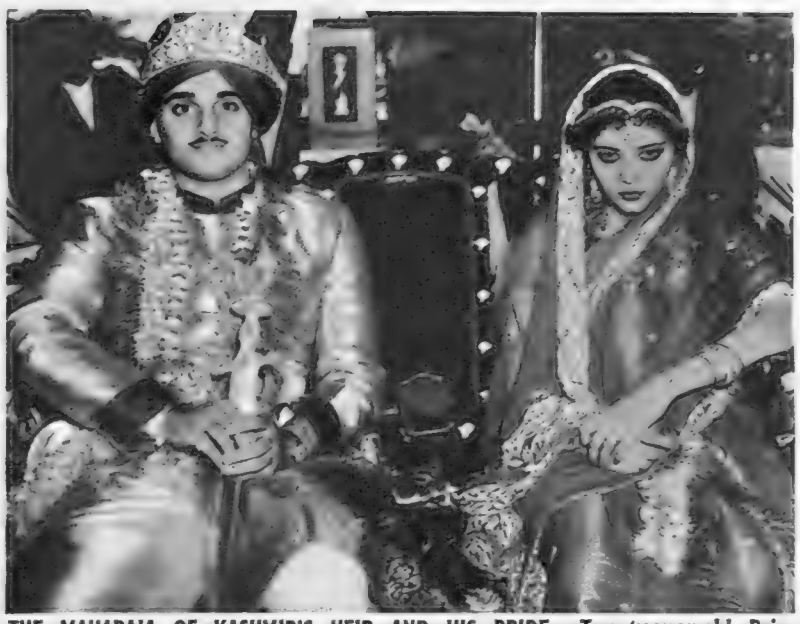
GENERALISSIMO STALIN GOES TO THE POLL: The Soviet leader casting his vote in the Lenin District of Moscow during the election of the Supreme Soviet. More than 100,000,000 Soviet citizens from Kamschatka to Kaliningrad voted on March 12, casting a vote of over 99 per cent. for candidates of the Stalinist bloc. In Moscow the balloting places were gaily decorated with banners and flowers

THE END OF NEW YORK'S LATEST SPY TRIAL: The conviction of twenty-eight-year-old Judith Coplon, a former U.S. Government employee, and Valentin A. Gubitchev, a Third Secretary of the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Judith Coplon, who is seen (*left*) arriving at the prison gates in New York after being sentenced to gaol for fifteen years, and Gubitchev (*right*, wearing dark coat) were both castigated by the judge. The judge called Miss Coplon "a traitor to her country and a disgrace to her family." Her sentences of five years for conspiracy and fifteen years for attempted espionage will be served concurrently, but if of good behaviour she will probably be released on parole after eight years. Gubitchev was offered the opportunity to escape the penalty of his crime if he returned to Russia at once

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN OPENS THE SECOND SESSION OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY IN KHARTOUM: The scene inside the Assembly as Sir Robert Howe delivered his speech outlining the programme of legislation and action in the coming session. It was in June 1948 that the Governor-General established a Legislative Assembly of ten nominated and sixty-five elected members and an Executive Council, at least half of which must be composed of Sudanese. The first elections for the Assembly took place in November 1948, when the Independence Front secured a large majority over the National Front, which favours union with Egypt. Sir Robert Howe now stresses the need for the Sudanese people to be associated even more closely with the new Government of their country

THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN'S VISIT TO EGYPT: The King, wearing the uniform of a Marshal of the Afghan Army, seen on arrival at Cairo Railway Station. Standing on the left is King Farouk's Grand Chamberlain, and on the right is Marshal Osman Mahdi Pasha of the Egyptian Army. The King landed in Egypt from the Italian steamer *Esperia*, and after a brief stay at Alexandria, left by train for Cairo. A detachment of the Egyptian Royal Guard escorted the King of Afghanistan to King Farouk's Palace. Mohammad Zahir Shah, King of Afghanistan, succeeded his father, Nadir Shah, on the latter's assassination in 1933. He rules as a constitutional monarch, and legislative power is vested jointly in the King, the Senate and the National Assembly

THE OLD INDIA OF PRIVILEGE, A PARADE OF THE MAHARAJAS: These Indian potentates, now shorn of much of their original wealth and almost all their former power in the land, attended the wedding of the Prince of Kashmir and the Princess Laxmi of Nepal. When this picture was taken they were walking between the Kashmir Palace in Bombay and the Palace of the Maharaja of Cutch, where the wedding ceremonies took place



THE MAHARAJA OF KASHMIR'S HEIR AND HIS BRIDE: Twenty-year-old Prince Karan Singh of Kashmir and sixteen-year-old Princess Laxmi, granddaughter of the Prime Minister of Nepal, and daughter of Major-General Sarada Shamsher Jung Bahadur Rana, at the Palace of the Maharaja of Cutch after their Bombay wedding. The customary lavish wedding dinner was omitted owing to existing austerity rules in India forbidding the entertaining of more than twenty-five guests to a meal. Special interest attached to the wedding owing to the situation of Kashmir, the State which is at the present torn between the rival claims of India and Pakistan, and the future of which still hangs very much in the balance

BLIZZARD HITS A NEBRASKA TOWN: This was how the main street of O'Neill, North Central Nebraska, looked after a short, fierce blizzard which piled up the snow in drifts. Cars were buried up to their roofs, and the population had to set to work clearing doorsteps

IN THE WAKE OF THE TURKISH FLOODS: Wrecked homes in the city of Askishehir after the most serious flooding in forty years. In the whole province of Askishehir, Anatolia, ten people were drowned, 2,674 houses were destroyed, and approximately 19,000 people were rendered homeless

"SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES"—A GERMAN NAVY CATAPULT SHIP BECOMES A SAND-DREDGER: The *Bussard*, now anchored at Rotterdam, was used for launching reconnaissance aircraft during the war. A Dutch firm has bought her for use as a sand-dredger. The ship's catapult will be converted for use as a drain for clearing the sand. The 2,200-ton *Bussard* is 300 ft. long and was built in 1942

THE WAR GOES ON IN CHINA: The Communist soldier in the right foreground is surveying the wreck of a Communist supply convoy which had just been shot-up at Man Kam To, 100 yards inside the Communist side of the Hong Kong border, by two Nationalist F 51 aircraft. Seven were killed, including two Communist soldiers, and thirteen trucks, loaded with petrol and rubber, were destroyed. The Customs post, seen in the background, was also damaged. The photographer who took this picture walked across the border and returned to Hong Kong territory without being molested

FEUDAL CASTLES AND GREAT ESTATES IN THE NEWS

ALNWICK AND SYON TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC; PRESERVING RAGLAN; DUNSTER BOUGHT BY THE CROWN

SYON HOUSE, BRENTFORD, THE MIDDLESEX SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, WHICH WILL BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC THIS SUMMER ON CERTAIN AFTERNOONS OF THE WEEK: Visitors will have access to the State rooms, parklands and gardens of this estate, which has been described "as an outstanding and historic example of a Thames-side mansion in its typical setting." Syon House stands across the river from Kew

A STATELY HOME BESIDE THE BANKS OF THE THAMES: *Left*—One of the side elevations of Syon House, home of the Duke of Northumberland, and (*right*) the great domed conservatory. The house and grounds are being opened to the public this year for the first time since the Great Exhibition of 1851

Syon House was partly rebuilt by Robert Adam for the first Duke of Northumberland, that Hugh Percy whose surname was originally Smithson and who by marriage came into all the great estates of the Percy family. Hugh Percy, "the handsomest man of his day"—which Walpole admitted, though grudgingly—lived in great state when he was at Syon House, and he made it, with the help of Robert Adam, into "a villa which for taste and elegance is scarce to be paralleled in Europe." At any rate, that was the view of Northumberland's relative, Bishop Percy. The first Duke was an unpopular figure in London, and, as Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, it is on record that he used all his influence against John Wilkes. During the riots in 1768, caused by the mob's sympathy with Wilkes, the Duke was compelled by the populace to publicly drink Wilkes' health at Northumberland House, and he was threatened with a prosecution for murder in consequence of two men having been killed in an election riot at Brentford, near Syon House. The Duke died at Syon in 1786, and he was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. Of the earlier history of Syon, it is known that the house occupies the site of a Bridgettine Nunnery, which was founded by Henry V in 1415. This was later the prison of Katherine Howard, who was kept there until her execution. Lady Jane Grey was living at Syon at the time when she was summoned to the throne for her brief hour of glory.

ALNWICK, A BORDER BASTION—THE FAMOUS FORTRESS WHICH THE DUKE IS OPENING TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC: Sightseers will now be able to wander through the Inner Bailey, where 3,000 Scottish prisoners died from privation after the Battle of Dunbar, and to see the Bloody Gap, where the Scottish raiders breached the walls. The present Duke of Northumberland, tenth holder of the dukedom and thirteenth Baronet, lives at Alnwick with his wife (daughter of the eighth Duke of Buccleuch) and their two daughters. They were married in 1946, and their wedding was one of the big social events of the season

The news that Alnwick Castle is to be opened to the public, like so many other of the great castles and mansions of England, will arouse special interest in the North Country, for it is one of the most magnificent baronial structures in all England. During the Middle Ages Alnwick Castle was a bulwark against the successive invasions of the Scottish people, and it was thrice besieged—by Malcolm Canmore, who met his death at Alnwick; by David I, who captured the castle, and by William the Lion, who was taken prisoner there. Of the original castle little remains save a gateway and a Norman arch. The building was restored in the eighteenth century, and it was added to in the nineteenth century.

Syon House and Alnwick are only two of the great estates which are to be opened to the public this year. The Duke of Rutland announces that he is opening Belvoir Castle, near Grantham, Lincs, and also Haddon Hall, Derbyshire. To-day, March 25, Mrs. Cynthia Legh opens to the public for the first time Aldington Hall, near Macclesfield, one of the oldest houses in the country. Sizergh Castle, near Kendal, Westmorland, which was presented to the National Trust by Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hornyold-Strickland because of the increasing pressure of taxation, will open for the first time in April. Plans are also being made with the Victoria and Albert Museum for the opening of Ham House, near Richmond, which was presented to the National Trust by Sir Lyonel Tollemache.

THE PROGRESS OF RAGLAN'S PRESERVATION—SCAFFOLDING ROUND THE ANCIENT KEEP OF THE CASTLE, WHICH IS RECEIVING URGENT ATTENTION AT THE PRESENT MOMENT, A LARGE CRACK HAVING MADE ITS APPEARANCE IN ONE OF THE WALLS: Since the Ministry of Works took over this castle on the Welsh Marches in 1938 much has been done towards securing its preservation. In many places weeds have been removed from the walls, and fresh pointing has ensured a renewed lease of life for the fabric. Raglan, an imposing ruin not far from the town of Monmouth, first had a castle in Norman times, when the conquerors had to build up their defences in the Marches to keep the hostile Welsh at bay. This castle was replaced in the fourteenth century by a more massive structure. In 1646 the castle was defended for fourteen weeks against the Parliamentarians. Raglan is often cited as one of the most typical castles of the Tudor period, others being Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Tattershall Castle, Lincolnshire. Raglan, unlike so many earlier castles, belonged to an age when these strongholds were permitted a full measure of domestic comfort

THE CELEBRATED LIBRARY AT ALNWICK CASTLE: This library, with its 16,000 volumes, occupies the whole of the first floor of the Prudhoe Tower of the castle

DUNSTER CASTLE BECOMES THE PROPERTY OF THE CROWN: An aerial view of the castle, which together with 8,600 acres of the estate extending from Exmoor to the Bristol Channel, was sold by Mr. Geoffrey Luttrell last August for a sum in the neighbourhood of £500,000 to the Ashdale Land Company and which, in a second transaction, has now been acquired by the Commissioners of Crown Lands. The castle has been in the Luttrell family for six centuries, and Mr. Luttrell will continue there

Dunster Castle was a legacy of the Norman Conquest. It was built by William de Mohun, and under his successor it became a veritable thorn in the side of King Stephen. Lady Joan de Mohun sold it to the Luttrells in 1376, and ever since that time it has been uninterruptedly in the Luttrell family. In the Civil War Dunster Castle was alternately held for Parliament and King, and in 1646 it was regarded as King Charles's last hope in Somerset. Its resistance was stout, and for 160 days Colonel Wyndham baffled the assaults of no less an adversary than Blake. Only the total failure of the Royal cause forced him to surrender. Mr. Geoffrey Luttrell, the vendor in the 1949 deal with a property company, declared that he had been forced to sell Dunster Castle because of crippling taxation. The latest transaction, it is understood, has been made in complete accord with Mr. Luttrell.

THE "HORSELEA" MOORS AT WATERLOO BRIDGE: This temporary police station, seen after it had been made fast by the Thames Embankment, takes the place of the floating police station which has been removed for a long-overdue overhaul. The *Horselea* consists of a railway coach mounted in the well of a barge

FLOATING POLICE STATIONS and FLOATING FIRE-ENGINES

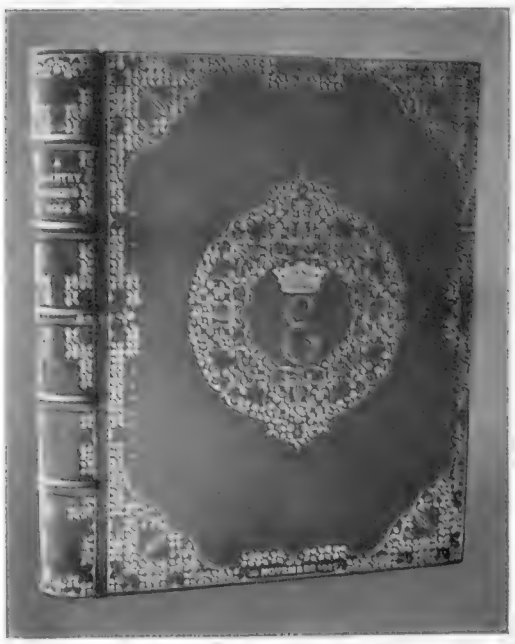
On right—THE ORIGINAL FLOATING POLICE STATION TAKES A TRIP DOWN RIVER: The station, which has been moored at Waterloo since 1898, is seen being taken away for overhaul. The station is 180 ft. long and includes a charge-room but no cells

ONE OF THE NEW R.A.F. FIRE-FLOATS SHOWS ITS PACES, SPRAYING WATER IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CARRIER "INDOMITABLE": The No. 80 in action at Portsmouth during a demonstration. It is capable of directing 5,400 gallons of foam on to a burning ship in the space of a minute

A demonstration took place last week at Portsmouth of the new-type fire-fighting launches which will replace the ordinary seaplane tenders at present used by the Royal Air Force for fires aboard seaplanes and marine craft. The main features of the new fire-floats are manœuvrability, achieved by variable-pitch propellers, and the fire-fighting capacity which is four times greater than existing equipment, each launch being able to direct on to a fire 5,400 gallons of foam or 1,000 gallons of sea-water per minute. The larger of the vessels, the No. 81, is 60 ft. long. The Voith Schneider propeller, with which it is fitted, ensures that the launch can maintain her position when fire-fighting, despite the reaction thrust of the foam and water-jets. The other launch (which is illustrated herewith) is 55 ft. long. These fire-floats, which are powered by Diesel engines, have a maximum speed of 12½ knots and a range of 100 miles. They are fitted with loud-hailer equipment, radio-telephones, searchlights and floodlights for short-range illumination

A COMMISSION FOR THE QUEEN : Mr. Ronald Cruickshank (in foreground) and his co-workers seen at the Dovecote Studios of the Edinburgh Tapestry Company, where, to the order of her Majesty, they are completing a tapestry of "The Queen's Coat of Arms." Next August Mr. Cruickshank reckons the 9 ft. by 6 ft. tapestry will be complete. It was commissioned two years ago

EXAMINING THEIR HANDIWORK : Two of the master weavers at the Edinburgh Tapestry Company's Dovecote Studios conferring on the progress of their work. They operate behind the tapestry, as shown in the picture at top, and mirrors are used to enable them to watch the progress of the design when they are actually seated at their task. The portion shown here represents the left-hand side of the tapestry, consisting of some elaborate and colourful scrollich



A WEDDING PRESENT FROM THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND : This 14 ins. by 10½ ins. book, bound in red skin and tooled in gold, will shortly be presented to Princess Elizabeth. It is the gift of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, of which the Princess is a member. Fifty-eight pages of the book, which is representative of the movement, have been contributed by each county, each page depicting the traditions and beauties of that particular county. The front cover is decorated and bears the cipher "E" in the centre. On the dedication page (reproduced *on the right*) are the words: "To Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, this book is presented by the Women's Institutes of England and Wales as a token of their love and loyalty on the occasion of her wedding, and with their best wishes for her future happiness"

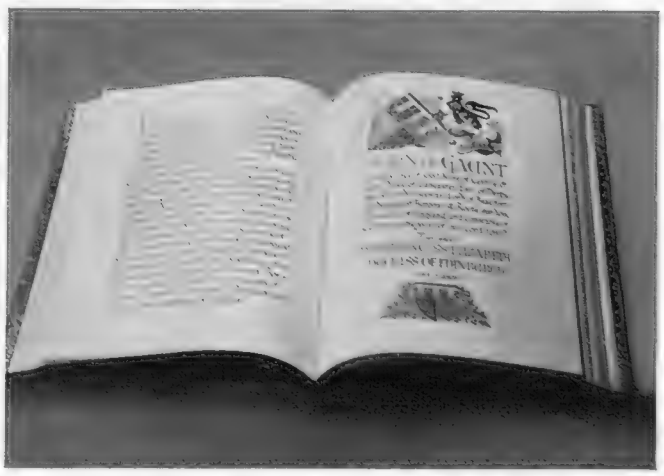
MR. STEPHEN GOODEN'S ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE QUEEN'S TAPESTRY : The Royal arms are showing impaling quarterly, 1st and 4th, the arms of Bowes Lyon. The supporters are Dexter, the Sovereign, and Sinister, a lion, one of the supporters of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, the Queen's father. Mr. Gooden has allowed himself considerable artistic licence in regard to the floral decorations

It is already two years since the Queen ordered from the Edinburgh Tapesty Company—the only company of its kind in the United Kingdom—a tapestry representing her coat of arms. This is an all-Scottish affair, woven in twenty-five colours by Scottish weavers. Machinery, which differs little from that employed by craftsmen a thousand years ago, is being used to weave the tapestry. Negotiations are now in progress for an exhibition of Scottish tapestries, to be held in New York, and no doubt the Queen's tapestry, if available, would prove a great drawing card and dollar-earner as the centrepiece of such a display.

THE QUEEN'S TAPESTRY AND THE PRINCESS' GIFT BOOK

Two Unique Works of Art Completed in Scotland and England

NORFOLK'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE GIFT BOOK FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH : The page draws attention to some of the great names in Norfolk history, among them Nelson and Walpole



LANCASHIRE'S TRIBUTE : These pages draw attention to Princess Elizabeth's descent from the celebrated John of Gaunt

THE DUTCH BATTLE AGAINST THE SEA

HALTING THE RELENTLESS PROGRESS OF COAST-EROSION

FALLEN BASTIONS : Concrete gun emplacements, their foundations washed away on the Dutch coast in the region of the Rhine Delta, bear testimony to the constant changes in the Dutch shore-line as a result of the action of the sea. During the war years, when Hitler was defending the long North Sea coastline, these emplacements were several yards inshore. In the foreground is part of the foundations of a basalt and bitumen breakwater under construction. Bitumen is used for binding purposes, as it possesses elasticity

Coast-erosion is a problem affecting many countries, but Holland more than any other European country. To understand its causes, we must go back to the prehistoric days when the British Isles were part of the European mainland, and where the North Sea now is was a vast expanse of marshland, through which the River Rhine flowed, spilling itself out over the low-lying ground in the form of a vast delta, before emptying itself into the Polar seas in the latitude of Northern Norway. And then—whether as a result of slow erosion or by some sudden mighty upheaval of nature we do not know—the Atlantic Ocean rushed in over the low, chalky land between England and France that is now the floor of the Straits of Dover, and into the wider space beyond that is now the North Sea. This great inrush of water brought with it thousands of tons of soft, chalky rock, broken away and crumbled almost to powder by the force of the water. This crumbled rock was deposited in the form of great banks of coarse sand in the southern part of the newly-formed sea; and when the tidal wave retreated, the banks were left high and dry. Exposed to the wind, they were blown together into a dense, compact mass that rose above the level of the surrounding sea and marsh, and thus formed a barrier to the further penetration of the sea southwards over the land. But the land behind them was low, marshy and, to a great extent, waterlogged; and in the course of time the prevailing westerly winds blew the sandbanks before them, away from their original positions, more and more towards the east, leaving the westerly part of the land again open to the sea. The banks grew in size from wind-blown and tidal accretions of sand and crumbled rock, finally rising from the sea to form what are to-day the Friesian Islands; while the land to the south of them—the Netherlands—lay open to further erosion and flooding, and so remains to this day. That the Dutch coast has suffered substantial erosion in historical times is proved by the fact that off the North Sea coast, near the delta of the Rhine—whose main stream flows through Holland in the form of two great arms, the Lek and the Waal, together with numerous subsidiary rivers and waterways—low tides have uncovered the remains of Roman coastal fortresses, showing that in Roman times the land extended considerably farther out to sea than now.

But humanity is not so powerless against these forces as it once was; the experience of centuries and the discoveries of modern science have given the Dutch much new knowledge of the force and direction of the sea-currents that erode their coasts; they have learned to defend their country with plantations of pines and starr-grass; the erection of reed-fences; and the building of dykes, sea-walls and breakwaters, which not only keep out the sea, but in many cases drive it back, and make possible the reclamation of land. Of the latter, the most famous example is, of course, that of the Zuider Zee (now the Yssel Meer), across the entrance of which a great dyke has been built, 25 miles long, completely shutting out the waters of the North Sea, and turning the Zee into an inland lake, the greater part of which will ultimately be drained and converted into fertile pasture-land. In spite of the grave setbacks of the war and the German occupation, the work has already made progress.

SCHEVENINGEN, A PART OF THE DUTCH COAST THAT IS COMPLETELY UNPROTECTED BY NATURE: A thick concrete wall, which serves also as a pleasant promenade, keeps out the North Sea from this seaside suburb of The Hague. The long groynes stretching down the beach prevent the sand from drifting. Despite these precautions, the sea frequently invades Scheveningen in boisterous weather

CELEBRATED KAMPERDUIN DYKE: The dyke viewed from the south end. The barrier really consists of three separate dykes. The outer dyke, in contact with the sea, is known as the Watcher. The middle dyke, carrying a roadway, is called the Dreamer, and the inner one is the Sleeper. On the sandhills in the foreground starr-grass has been planted at right-angles to the shore

ALL THAT REMAINS OF ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PIERS IN EUROPE: The foundations of Scheveningen Pier viewed from the air. The pier was destroyed by the Germans as a security measure

A!! AMERICAN'S RECONSTRUCTION OF THE FAMOUS GLOBE THEATRE BUILT AT BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK, IN 1599 BY THE BURBAGES, SHAKESPEARE, AND FOUR OTHER ACTORS: This reconstruction of the playhouse is the work of Dr. John Cranford Adams, President of Hofstra College, Hempstead, New York, and the model has taken him ten years to complete. It is now on exhibition in Hofstra, and it will shortly be taken to Washington and displayed at the Folger Shakespeare Library. In the model, stages are shown on three levels, and they are curtained by elaborate tapestries of a design known to have been in use in Shakespeare's day. The tapestries in the model are cleverly simulated in wood. The model has 124 mullioned casement windows with panes in diamond and lozenge shapes. The problem of fashioning 9,000 tiny bricks for the floor and courtyard pavement was solved by Dr. Adams's use of eraser rubber. The original Globe Theatre was destroyed by fire in June 1613, and its successor, opened in the following year, lasted until 1644. A reconstruction of the original Globe was made in 1944 for Laurence Olivier's film *Henry V*, the Globe providing the setting for a large proportion of the scenes in the film version of the play

SHAKESPEARE'S GLOBE

THE CELEBRATED SOUTHWARK PLAYHOUSE REBUILT IN MINIATURE

MAKING A PIECE OF BALUSTRADING FOR THE INTERIOR OF THE GLOBE THEATRE: Dr. John Cranford Adams engaged in the construction of his model of the Globe Theatre

THE EXTERIOR OF THE GLOBE THEATRE MODEL: The model is about 2 ft. high, and is so made that the front section, comprising the main entrance and part of the spectators' galleries, can be drawn away to reveal the stages and the mode of arrangement within. The model may be sent to England

HIGH-SPEED HOUSING

IN ENGLAND—IN GERMANY IN AUSTRIA

The size and urgency of Britain's housing problem, despite the fact that Britain's post-war record in housing stands second only to that of Sweden among the European nations, draws attention to the whole question of ways and means of building at speed. One London firm, now at work at the Cranford Park Estate, Hayes, has recently built two semi-detached homes in the space of 25½ working days, 25 men in all being engaged on the task, including 6 bricklayers, 3 plasterers, 2 carpenters, 2 painters and 1 electrician. The firm, like many others, complains that since the war it has only been allowed to build 200 owner-occupier dwellings, the rest of the work representing council contracts. From Germany comes news of some high-speed building for American personnel at the Rhine Main Airport, a whole series of apartments being scheduled for completion this August. In Austria they are advertising a new type of house which can be put up by six men in two days.

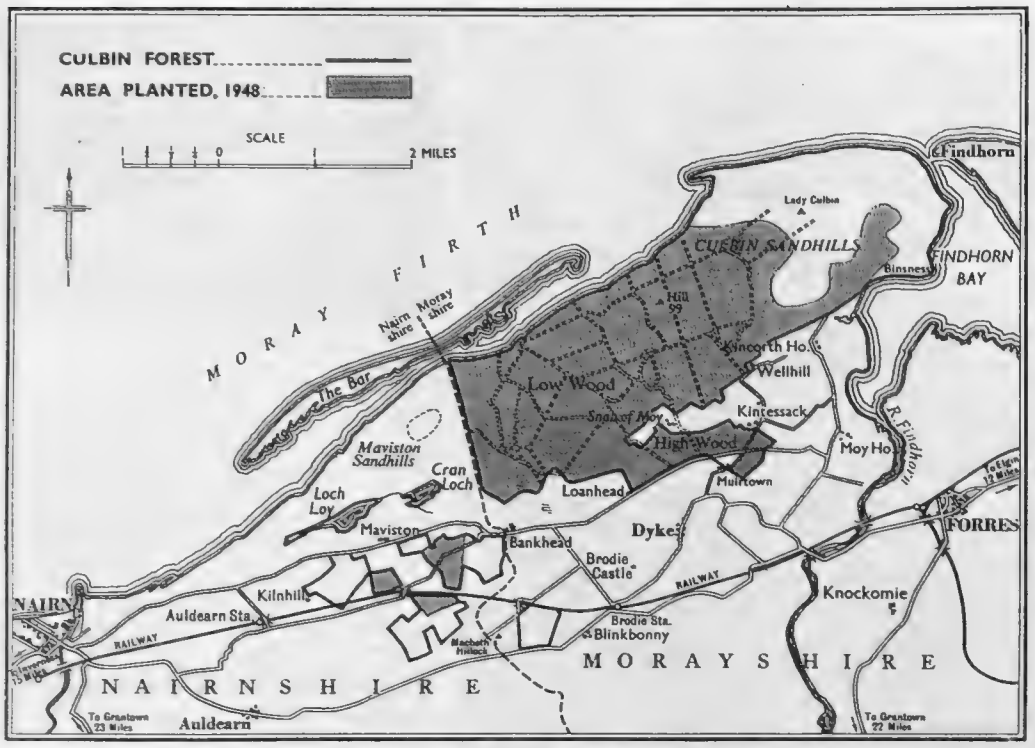
ON THE FIRST DAY OF A HIGH-SPEED BUILDING PROJECT: Digging the footings for a new pair of houses on the Cranford Park Estate, Hayes, near London, where Taylor Woodrow have been building pairs of houses in twenty-five-and-a-half working days with a labour force of twenty-five men for each pair. The men receive bonus incentives

THE PROJECT WELL ON THE WAY TOWARDS COMPLETION: A pair of houses under construction on the Cranford Park Estate. The men on the job work with bonus incentives, and the results produced would appear to be far in excess of average results in the country. With some of the hollow-wall houses built under the Reema method, there is even greater saving than in these standard brick houses

WORKING TO MEET AN AUGUST 1 DEADLINE: These German workers on the housing estate now under construction for American personnel at the Rhine Main Airfield, Frankfurt, have to be through with their task in only just over four months from now. Each apartment will have a living-room, dining-room, bathroom and one or two bedrooms. There will be communal laundries in the basement of each block, and other amenities suited to families in the occupation force. Frankfurt, which was heavily and repeatedly bombed during the war, has as serious a housing shortage as any German city

THE PROGRESS OF THE APARTMENTS NEAR RHINE MAIN AIRFIELD: Scaffolding surrounding the various blocks each in a different stage of construction. The work, supervised by the Americans, has been put out to German contractors in the American Zone of Occupation

AUSTRIA'S NEW TYPE OF WOODEN HOUSE WHICH CAN BE PUT UP BY SIX MEN IN TWO DAYS: This three-bedroom house is of solid timber, and no nails are used at any part of its construction. This example has been erected in Vienna for the Spring Fair, when it is hoped that its unique mode of construction will attract the attention of overseas buyers. The house may afterwards be brought to England



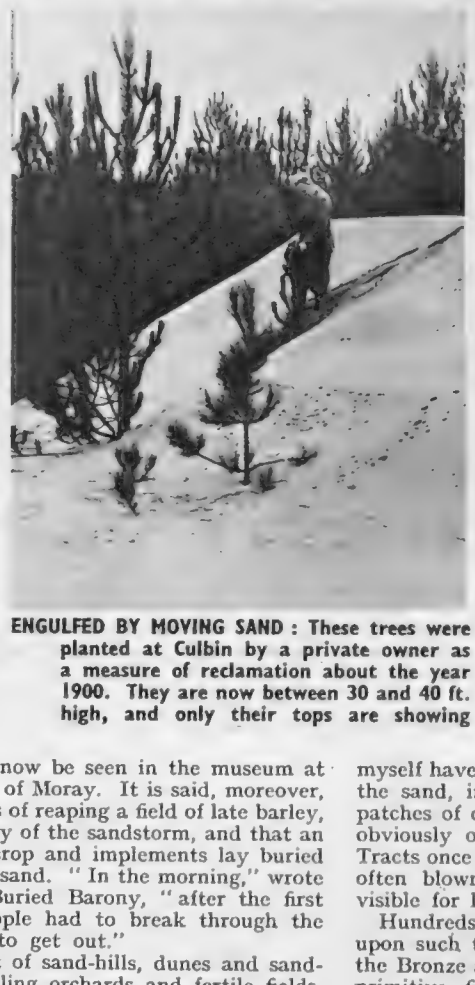
BETWEEN THE MORAY FIRTH AND THE FINDHORN LIES THE BURIED BARONY: This sketch-map shows the area between the Moray Firth and the Findhorn River which was overwhelmed in the great sandstorm of 1694 and is now in process of being reclaimed for agriculture. The shaded area had already been replanted by 1948, and it may be said that this nearest approach to a desert in the British Isles is now fast disappearing

EVIDENCE OF THE WIND'S DESTRUCTIVE ACTION AT CULBIN: A young fir from the roots of which the sandy soil has been blown away. The wind remains the forester's greatest enemy even after the trees are seemingly well-rooted in Culbin's sandy soil

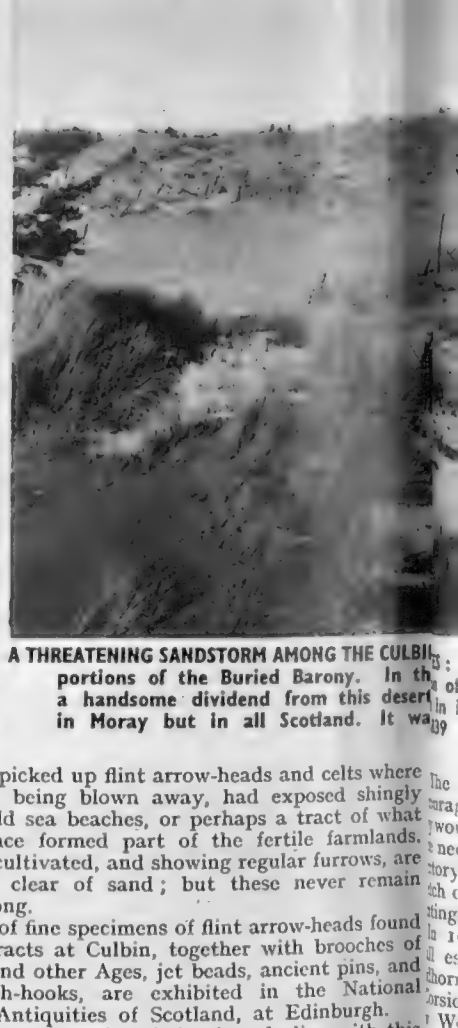
CULBIN
THE BURIED BARONY

Britain's Only Desert, which is Being Made to Bloom Again

A FIRST STAGE IN THE PROCESS OF LAND RECLAMATION AT CULBIN: The sand is being thatched with broom and branches of birch preparatory to planting with young trees. The afforestation of large areas of dunes and hills composed entirely of moving sand is no mean undertaking



ENGULFED BY MOVING SAND: These trees were planted at Culbin by a private owner as a measure of reclamation about the year 1900. They are now between 30 and 40 ft. high, and only their tops are showing



A THREATENING SANDSTORM AMONG THE CULBIN portions of the Buried Barony. In th a handsome dividend from this desert in Moray but in all Scotland. It wa

The tragedy of Culbin might be compared with the fate that overtook ash-smothered Pompeii, for the Barony of Culbin, a smiling estate bounded by the Moray Firth and the Findhorn River and supporting a flourishing and industrious community, was overwhelmed almost overnight in the midst of a great gale in 1694. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor, one of the foremost authorities on the history and topography of the Highlands, tells the story of the disaster and of the modern rehabilitation of Culbin in the first part of his new book, The Buried Barony, *which has just been published by Robert Hale Ltd., and in the following article, specially written for* THE SPHERE, *he gives some of the salient points of that dramatic tale.*

At a time when devastating erosion threatens with calamitous consequences large tracts of the earth's surface, one turns with a sense of satisfaction, and indeed of gratitude, to the Forestry Commission's achievement at Culbin, where the last vestiges of Britain's miniature desert are rapidly disappearing. The State forest of Culbin thrives upon that interesting region known as the Culbin Sands, situated in Morayshire. It is bounded on the north and west by the sandy shores of the Moray Firth, and on the east by that flat, spacious basin known as Findhorn Bay, through which the river of the same name flows by ever-changing channels to the sea. On the south the Culbin Sands march with the historic Laich-lands o' Moray, the name applied since olden times to those extensive farmlands reputed to be amongst the most productive in Great Britain.

It was in the autumn of 1694 that the flourishing Barony of Culbin was finally overwhelmed by wind-borne sand. Almost in a night, historians tell us, the desert won in a centuries-old struggle to gain supremacy in this locality. A prosperous estate, consisting of a stately mansion-house, a village, a church, and no fewer than sixteen farms, was buried by a great storm of sea-sand driven before a westerly gale which continued without intermission for several days. So sudden was the final catastrophe, we are told, that a farm labourer had to abandon his plough in the middle of a furrow. Part of this very plough, recovered from the desert years afterwards, may now be seen in the museum at Elgin, the county town of Moray. It is said, moreover, that a native, in process of reaping a field of late barley, had to flee from the fury of the sandstorm, and that an hour or two later his crop and implements lay buried beneath several tons of sand. "In the morning," wrote an authority on the Buried Barony, "after the first night of drift, the people had to break through the backs of their houses to get out."

In no time a desert of sand-hills, dunes and sand-banks had covered smiling orchards and fertile fields. A great and prosperous demesne lay buried. Some of the tenants are said to have lingered in their old abodes, never quite abandoning hope that a change in the wind's direction might have brought them respite. Hard as they strove to keep their doorways clear of piling sand, the accumulations became too great for them. All too soon, the sand was overtopping the very roofs and chimneys.

There seems little doubt that most accounts exaggerate somewhat the suddenness with which Culbin was overthrown. Yet it is certain that a process, which had been going on insidiously for centuries, reached a climax towards the end of the seventeenth century.

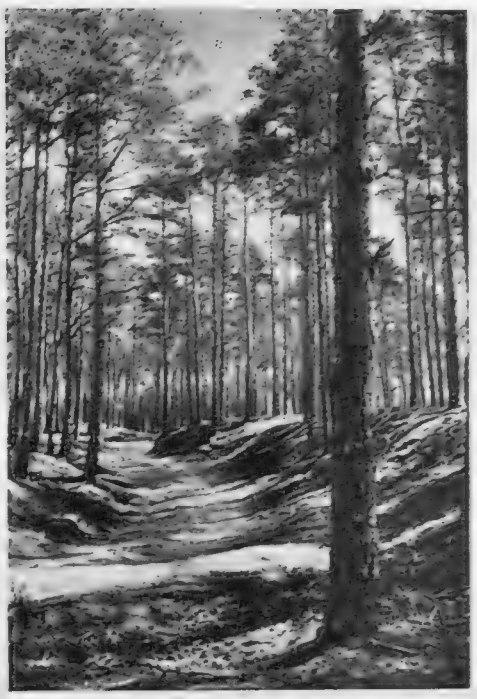
Archæological discoveries made at various periods indicate that Culbin was a settled community from quite early times. Fragments of pottery, flint implements, pieces of iron and brass, ornaments of bronze, the whorl-stones of the old-fashioned distaff, and coins dating as far back as Roman times have been found among these sandy wastes. On several occasions I myself have picked up flint arrow-heads and celts where the sand, in being blown away, had exposed shingly patches of old sea beaches, or perhaps a tract of what obviously once formed part of the fertile farmlands. Tracts once cultivated, and showing regular furrows, are often blown clear of sand; but these never remain visible for long.

Hundreds of fine specimens of flint arrow-heads found upon such tracts at Culbin, together with brooches of the Bronze and other Ages, jet beads, ancient pins, and primitive fish-hooks, are exhibited in the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, at Edinburgh.

It should be borne in mind, when dealing with this area's antiquities, that it has been occupied continuously from Neolithic times, if not indeed earlier, up till comparatively recently. In this context, perhaps, the most interesting class of relics found at Culbin is the beads. These embrace specimens of the Bronze Age, of the Iron Age (Romano-British times), and of a period fairly modern.

The Barony lay beneath the sands for more than a century and a quarter before any attempt at reclamation was made. But from 1839 (the year in which Grant of Kincorth started planting trees on the west side of the area, with a view to arresting the movements of a number of menacing sand-hills) until the present day, much successful reclamation has been carried out. Great expanses of sand have been fixed by the systematic planting of bent, or marram-grass, and, more recently, by thatching with broom and with the branches of fir and birch.

WINDY DAY AMONG THE CULBIN WASTES : Beneath the sands lies the Buried Barony which, in its heyday—about 250 years ago—embraced sixteen fair-sized farms furnishing the baron with a yearly rent in money of £200 per farm, not to mention large quantities of goods in kind. It was the granary of Scotland



THE RESULT OF REAFFORESTATION : These Scottish pines were planted eighty years ago at the east extremity of Culbin Sands

: This picture epitomises the dreary aspect of the unreclaimed
of Alasdair Alpin MacGregor it may yet be possible to wrest
in its heyday was not only one of the most productive estates
99 that the first reclamation measures were instituted

A "WINTER" LOCH IN THE UNRECLAIMED AREA OF CULBIN : The loch disappears in the summer, and it is thought that it is one of several marking the old course of the Findhorn River, which constitutes the eastern boundary of the Buried Barony. Historical records as well as geological research show that the Findhorn's course near its mouth has been as wayward as that of its neighbour, the destructive and erratic Spey. At Binsness, on Findhorn Bay, there has already been extensive reclamation of land and the reafforestation programme has been markedly successful

The efforts made by Grant of Kincorth were so uraging that neighbouring proprietors thought that would do a little planting too, though their activities necessarily confined to the merest fraction of the tory overblown. In course of time, an appreciable ch of the flatter area of the Culbin was fixed by the ting of trees. This area became known as Low Wood. In 1918, the late Mr. Chadwick, of Binsness (the l estate lying between Culbin and the Bay of thorn), created on the east of the desert a number orsican pine plantations. It is recognised that, had Wood not been replanted after the extensive er fellings towards the close of the First World , subsequent sand movements would have devastated tory already retrieved in the vicinity by various ate land-owners.

It was in 1921 that the Forestry Commission began cquire land at Culbin, where it now owns roughly o acres. These consist of sand-dunes partially fixed, everal sand-hills, and of the felled and replanted tland known as Low Wood. Reclamation was ed in 1922; and at the time of writing, an area of roximately 4,000 acres has been planted—roughly square miles. At the outset, efforts were confined cipally to the regions of felled woodland, where the already fairly securely fixed, was covered with tities of heath and heather. In Low Wood, which prises the main portion of the Culbin Forest, one what the Commission has achieved by diligence and ance in the last twenty-eight years. Here the plantations are of Scots and of Corsican pines. The rate of reclamation is considerable, as is shown in one of the excellent booklets on Britain's forests issued recently by the Forestry Commission. During the season 1948-49, as many as 150 acres were thatched and planted at Culbin—50 acres more than had been dealt with the previous season.

Dotted about this desert are several small "winter" lochs, so called because they dry out during the greater part of the year; and are filled with brackish water after heavy rains in time of winter and spring. The draining of these loch sites presented difficulties of a peculiar nature. Here a species of Western American pine known as the Lodgepole pine has been used. This pine was given its name by the Red Indians, since they found its straightness an advantage in the supporting of their wigwams. Many of the Lodgepoles planted in 1922, where the sand was already covered with heather, are now 35 ft. or more in height.

The Culbin embraces, in addition to its "winter" lochs, one fairly large sheet of water all the year round. This is known as the Buckie Loch. It is situated in the flatter stretch of sand lying between the sand-hills and the shallow-shelving shores of the Moray Firth. Buckie Loch, together with the marshy ground adjacent to it, once formed part of the River Findhorn's old course. The extent to which the planting of trees has tended to dry up the whole area has been very noticeable. Not only have several of the "winter" lochs disappeared entirely, but the Buckie Loch has contracted considerably. During a hot and rainless summer, the space it occupies is small in comparison with that devoted to it on many fairly recent maps.

The visitor to the Culbin may witness a variety of operations. The forest workers may be engaged in its older parts in removing the lower branches of the trees to head-height. This operation is called "brashing." It is carried out in order to reduce the risk of fire, and at the same time to provide access for subsequent thinning operations. In the meantime, other workers are in process of thatching the sands with the branches thus lopped off. Others may be thinning in different parts of Low Wood. This involves the felling and removal of a certain proportion of the trees, so as to encourage the growth of the better stems. The thinnings are used for pit-props in our Scottish coal-mines, and for fencing. The largest of them may even be found suitable for telegraph-poles.

To me, who have been familiar with the Culbin Sands since boyhood, it came as an agreeable surprise that in 1948 no fewer than 2,600 tons of useful timber had been extracted from the Forestry Commission's plantations there. We learn from the booklet already referred to that, had all this timber been converted into pit-props, it would have served to raise 80,000 tons of coal.

In these days, when one is apt to be unduly critical of public enterprise, it is indeed reassuring to be able to turn to what the Forestry Commission has accomplished at Culbin. The ancient Barony lies buried beneath sand now yielding a commendable increase.

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE FIRE AT BROMPTON ORATORY: Firemen mop up water which had formed a pool in front of the altar. Flames and smoke were first observed coming from the roof and windows of the Oratory. Twelve engines were rushed to the spot and sixty firemen, using "walkie talkie" apparatus, soon had the fire under control. It is thought that the fire began in the candle room, spreading to the organ and the roof. The body of the church was undamaged and there was no interruption of services

TOWER BRIDGE GETS A SPRING CLEANING: Scaffolding surrounds the north tower while the stonework is cleaned. The bridge was begun in 1886 and opened in 1894. The main towers consist of steel columns encased in masonry. They rise 120 ft. from the piers

A NEW MASTER OF THE COLLEGE OF HANDICRAFT AT SKINNERS' HALL: A general view of the ceremony, when Mr. R. A. Butler was installed as Master. It took place in the fine old hall which was rebuilt after the Great Fire. In the chair is Dr. Arnold Lloyd with, on his right, Major C. W. Stewart, Master of the Skinners' Company (wearing fur robe). On Dr. Lloyd's left is Mr. Jonathan Lloyd and, on his left, Mr. R. A. Butler. The hall, in Dowgate Hill, was known as Copped Hall before it was rebuilt in 1666. It has since been renovated and contains mural paintings by Sir Frank Brangwyn

PLANNING SALES IN DOLLAR MARKETS: American Sales Executives address members of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association in a series of lectures at the Connaught Rooms. Eleven members of the National Sales Executives organisation, representing 13,000 sales executives in America, came over for a two-day conference at the invitation of the Sales Managers' Association. Subjects included marketing a new product, selling industrial goods, and selling to industry

ACROSS THE SAHARA ON A MOTOR-CYCLE: Joseph Perkins, a twenty-four-year-old experimental chemist, was photographed with his father before leaving his home at Erith, in Kent, on the first stage of a journey which has Capetown as its goal. If he succeeds it will be the first time that the Sahara has been crossed on a motor-cycle. The rear wheel has been specially built to carry the weight of equipment

LOWERING A ROAD TO SOLVE A TRANSPORT PROBLEM: The railway bridge over Stewarts Road, Battersea, was an inch lower than the clearance of this vehicle, carrying a 160-ton stator from Metropolitan Vickers at Manchester to Battersea Power Station. The transit was accomplished by lowering the road level

THE "WARSPITE" ACCIDENT: One of the rescued men, strapped to a stretcher, is brought ashore by the cable railway, the only link between the "Warspite" and the land. Fourth from the right is Mr. H. Scrivener, Deputy Fire Chief of Cornwall, who directed the rescue. One man died and eight were taken to the West Cornwall Hospital at Penzance suffering from gas poisoning after fumes from a compressor in the battleship had penetrated a forward hold in which the nine men were working. The 30,000-ton *Warspite* lies on the rocks in Prussia Cove on the eastern shore of Mount's Bay, where she has remained since April 1947, when she broke adrift in a gale while being towed to a breaker's yard on the Clyde. The men have been preparing her for refloating before she is taken to be broken up in a shipbreakers' yard in South Wales. Twenty-four-year-old John MacQuarrie, who died after the accident, came from the Isle of Mull

A THREAT TO PICTURESQUE HASTINGS OLD TOWN: The net houses of the Old Town fishing quarter, a favourite subject for artists, may be pulled down and replaced by modern buildings if clearance and development plans are approved by the local Council

JOEL WEDDING WITH 1,000 GUESTS: Solna Joel and Harry Jones leave St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after the ceremony. The reception at the Hyde Park Hotel was one of the most lavish since the war, when the granddaughter of Solly Joel married Mr. Harry Jones, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Victor Jones, and assistant to trainer Armstrong of Newmarket. They are to honeymoon in Monte Carlo before joining the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, at Cherbourg and travelling with them to Bermuda. The Stanhope Joels and others of the family are settling in Bermuda

PREPARING THE SKI-JUMP ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH: The Central Council of Physical Recreation, the Ski Club of Great Britain and the Oslo Ski Association organised the competition, which was due to take place on Wednesday and Thursday between ski-jumpers from Oxford and Cambridge Universities and twenty-five of Norway's top-ranking exponents. After the scaffolding was completed it was overlaid with snow brought from Norway on a refrigerator ship; 40,000 ft. of tubular scaffolding were used to build the 67-ft. tower which gave a take-off run of 140 ft. The skiers took off 18 ft. from ground-level before dropping to the 160-ft. landing section below the slope

STORING ANCIENT ALMSHOUSES AS HOMES FOR RETIRED CLERGY: *On left*—The fireplace in the communal dining-room is cleared of rubble. The fireplace, mantelpiece and the spit belong to the original building. *On right*—The eastern end of the buildings. In the centre is the original chapel which will be extended as far as the pile of bricks which can be seen on the right. Ancient almshouses at Audley End, near Saffron Walden, Essex, which are being reconstructed for the use of retired clergy in the diocese of Chelmsford, will be known as the College of St. Mark. The original iron gable cross of the destroyed chapel has been discovered beneath the floor, and it is being preserved for re-erection. The original almshouses were built in 1600 round two courtyards, and this form is being retained in the restoration scheme. Lord Braybrooke, of Audley End, has presented some ancient stained glass from the Abbey Church of Walden to be incorporated in the College windows. A feature of the scheme is that there will be a communal dining-room. When completed, the College of St. Mark will have flats for twelve married couples and two bachelors. There will be a warden and a matron in charge

ROYAL NAVAL CRAFT ARRIVE AT TOBERMORY FOR THE START OF DIVING OPERATIONS IN THE LATEST HUNT FOR THE FAMED TREASURE OF TOBERMORY: The two ships from which the divers are operating are seen in the little harbour before the start of the renewed search for the £30,000,000 treasure of the galleon *Almirante de Florencia*, which, after the defeat of the Armada in 1588, sailed round the north of Scotland, put into Tobermory, and sank 80 yards from shore

SEARCHING for the TREASURE of TOBERMORY

Naval Divers Seek the Spanish Galleon *Almirante de Florencia*

The *Almirante de Florencia* is believed to have contained treasure to the value of £30,000,000 when she went down at Tobermory with 350 officers and men. Having settled down into the sea, the great galleon was covered in the course of years with about 30 ft. of clay. Numerous attempts have been made to locate the treasure, and in 1912, when Colonel Foss conducted salvage operations, he recovered from the wreck silver goblets, silver dishes and coins, using divers and a powerful hydraulic jet. Now, led by the Duke of Argyll, who has the legal right to the galleon and its contents, a new expedition is at work in Tobermory Bay, and at the time of writing, a series of test dives has already been completed in the vicinity of the wreck. Among the first objects to be recovered were some fine scallops, reputed to be worth 3s. each in the London restaurants, and broken crockery bearing the crest of the local steamer company.

THE ELEVENTH DUKE OF ARGYLL, WHO IS DIRECTING THE TOBERMORY TREASURE HUNT: The Duke, seen at his desk at Inveraray Castle, succeeded to the dukedom last summer. He is a grandson of Lord Walter Campbell, third son of the eighth Duke of Argyll

PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN: Mr. A. H. Page, chamberlain to the Duke of Argyll, showing a map of Tobermory Bay to the naval officers. Lieutenant J. L. Crawford, R.N. of Dundee, leads the divers, and the commanding officer is Lieut.-Commander R. Parkinson, R.N., who is seen, pencil in hand, standing next to Mr. Page. The charts and data relating to the galleon have been in the possession of the Campbell family for generations

THE FIRST DIVES BENEATH THE WATERS OF TOBERMORY BAY: Diver Lieutenant G. H. Lawther with a piece of wood 7 ft. long he brought up from the area where the wreck is supposed to be located. *Right*—Diver Alan Carr making an unorthodox entry into the water by throwing himself from the motor vessel in his diving equipment. The divers are being urged to send to the surface any object which might repay investigation. They are using long probes to aid the search

ARBROATH "SMOKEYS"

Smoking Haddocks in the Scottish Seaport where Many Cottages have their Own Curing Pits

At Arbroath, overlooked by the ruins of the abbey in which King Robert the Bruce signed the Declaration of Independence in 1320, William Cargill walks the streets in the late afternoon, proclaiming by handbell that the fishing fleet has returned to port. At the quayside a scene of great activity is witnessed as, one after another, the fishing-boats come alongside with their nets stretched across the decks. The boats and gear of the fleet are shared round the different families of fisherfolk, and these have first allocation of each catch, after which the remainder is sold to merchants not in their association, which is known as the Arbroath Fishermen's Association Ltd. Most of the catch is then destined for English markets. The fish for the Forfar market, which often includes the choicest "haddies," is then distributed to the cottages where, in most cases, there is a pit in the backyard in which a fire made of hardwood is kindled. The haddocks are there soaked in brine for several hours and then cured in the smoke of the fire within half an hour. Thus there emerges the "smokey," or finnan, the fish which keeps famous the fishing port portrayed in Sir Walter Scott's *The Antiquary*. The ancestors of the Arbroath folk were once the fisherfolk of the romantic but now disused port of Auchmithie.

A DOCKSIDE AUCTION AT ARBROATH, FORFARSHIRE, AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE FISHING-BOATS: After each fisherman has selected his own fish, which later become finnans, or the famous "smokeys," the balance is auctioned. Most of the catch is destined for English markets

WHEN THE "GIRL JEAN" IS IN HARBOUR, THE FAMILY PREPARE FOR THE NEXT TRIP: Mr. Alexander Beatty, aged seventy-three, is baiting the nets while his son James carries out a similar task

THE DAILY TASK OF THE ARBROATH WOMENFOLK—CURING AT HOME AND THE MORNING JOURNEY TO DUNDEE: *On left*—Mrs. Annie Smith, sprinkling brine on to the sacking, can tell by colour and density of the smoke when the fish are cured. This process is carried out in nearly every cottage backyard. *On right*—Fisherfolk at the station en route to sell fish in neighbouring towns. They wear traditional dress and carry creels suspended on locally-designed harness

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE"

Shakespeare's Tragi-comedy Starts the Stratford-on-Avon Festival Season

The ninety-first season of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon began with Peter Brook's production of *Measure for Measure*. This is the play of which Coleridge wrote: "*Measure for Measure* is the single exception to the delightfulness of Shakespeare's plays. It is a hateful work, although Shakespearean throughout." The story of the Duke of Vienna who, unwilling to enforce certain laws, leaves the city in charge of Angelo, and the evil consequences that ensue, is thought by some (including Dr. Johnson) to suffer from negligence of transcription and distortion of phrase. Angelo enforces a law which condemns Claudio to death for having got Juliet with child before their marriage. Claudio's sister, Isabella, a novitiate, is persuaded to plead with Angelo, who demands her person in return for Claudio's pardon. Claudio would have her give herself, whereon she abuses him in a manner which many think out of character. Isabella is, in fact, a difficult character to understand. She follows the vituperative outburst against her brother with ready submission to a somewhat dubious plot to aid him and, at the end of the play, she accepts the Duke's proposal of marriage with no preliminary sign of affection in him or in herself and with no further mention of the nunnery.

MISTRESS OVERDONE IN THE STOCKS: A scene from "Measure for Measure," the first production of the Shakespeare Festival season at Stratford-on-Avon. Mistress Overdone is played by Rosalind Atkinson. On the left is the Provost (Michael Gwynn) talking to Escalus (Harold Kasket). Peter Brook, the producer, was also responsible for the costumes, which are based on the work of Bosch and Bruegel

JOHN GIELGUD AS ANGELO IN "MEASURE FOR MEASURE": He was making his debut at Stratford in the ninety-first Shakespeare Festival season

FROTH, POMPEY AND ELBOW COME BEFORE ESCALUS: Elbow brings the other two before the authorities with the words: "I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors"

THE PRISON SCENE: Isabella explains Angelo's terms for the release of her brother Claudio while the Duke, in his disguise as a Friar, stands behind. Left to right are Alan Bedel, Harry Andrews and Barbara Jeffard

BARBARA JEFFARD, A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD ISABELLA: Last year Miss Jeffard won four prizes at the R.A.D.A. She has played in repertory in Dundee and Brighton and was engaged by Anthony Quayle, director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, for the Stratford season while understudying at Hammersmith

FOLLOW THE LEADER AT REGENT'S PARK: These young penguins, lately brought back from the Antarctic, were seeking tit-bits from their keeper when this picture was taken in their spacious quarters at London Zoo. The penguins had just been released from their period of quarantine after arrival in this country. The new penguins, which were found on Stonington Island, Graham Land, belong to the Gentoo, Ringed and Macaroni species

LONDON ZOO'S NEW PENGUINS

The Latest Arrivals Make Themselves at Home at Regent's Park

CONCLAVE ROUND THE KEEPER'S BUCKET: Some of the London Zoo's new penguins which are now settling down in their home at Regent's Park. They will no doubt prove a great attraction among visitors to the Gardens during the coming spring and summer

STUDIES IN PENGUIN ANIMATION AT THE LONDON ZOO: Five heads reaching up for a morsel held by the keeper. *Right*—One of the new Macaroni penguins spreading his apology for wings in a characteristic attitude. The penguins have been brought to England by the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, which is responsible for the British meteorological bases in the Graham Land Peninsula of Antarctica

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

NOVELS WITH AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS

"A Summer's Tale," Idyll of the Maine Coast; Midsummer Madness in New Orleans

A SUMMER'S TALE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is, as its title suggests, designed as an idyll and, in spite of all the improbabilities that idylls connote these days, a very agreeable novel to read. Mr. Gerald Warner Brace writes for all his friends who love islands, and the island he describes, somewhere off the coast of Maine or Massachusetts, certainly has an ideal quality. It is inhabited by the descendants of Frenchmen, Bourbons and Englishmen, pirates, and it is uncharted either by the Americans or the Canadians. Once every year, in August, it enjoys a spell of fine weather, but for the rest of the year it is protected from troubled civilisation by its fogs, rocky reefs and general unget-at-ableness. When a young American is cast up on its shores, he finds old-world hospitality, a feudal-democratic system, and love. This is not exactly the mixture as before, and for that we must be grateful to Mr. Brace, who also makes some concessions to such political menaces as Fascist thought, lazy politicians and the power of the Press. In fact, it is not necessary to believe one word of this book to enjoy it thoroughly.

"If you ain't dead, lots is bound to happen," says one of the many attractive and incredible characters in Mr. Max White's novel, and one can but agree with the lady who is, more exactly, the coloured maid in a remarkable New Orleans house. It is a big house, or series of houses with interior patios, and it has been divided into a number of apartments by its owner, Miss Geneva Howard, a retired opera singer with an excellent taste in food and a catholic taste in drink. The people to whom Geneva lets her rooms are a strange lot; in fact, they have only their strangeness in common. They are a doctor engaged on a work warning people not to consult doctors, his too-attractive secretary, a couple of rich and inscrutable brothers, a lady who has never been seen since she lost her looks in 1910 and her mad spinster daughter, a burglar, a reader of women's magazines, the proprietor of a scent-shop, and a timid but charming Cajun couple. Each one of them behaves with his or her own version of logic, and the result is both midsummer madness and an entertaining novel called THE MAN WHO CARVED WOMEN FROM WOOD (Hamish Hamilton. 9s.).

The novel that made Mr. Charles Jackson's reputation as a writer was *The Lost Week-End*, a study of drunkenness; the second was a study of homosexuality, and the present one, THE OUTER EDGES (Peter Nevill. 8s. 6d.), is a study of murder. With many vices still to annotate, it is not likely that Mr. Jackson will run out of subjects. The murderer in his new novel is an idiot boy, and his crime is the slow and brutal slaying of two little girls whom he entices into a car he has stolen. The murder and its beastliness has its effect not only on the people most closely concerned, the father and mother, and the lunatic's father, but on an indefinitely widening circle of people, in the same way in which a stone thrown into the centre of a pool creates circles which widen till they reach the banks. The horror of the crime, to which the young man confesses with some complacence, touches the police, who arrest and question him, the man who has driven past the boy just after he has thrown the little bodies into a lake, the reporter who is sent out on the "story," a self-important adolescent who thinks of himself as an experimental writer, and many men and women who know of the crime only through the newspapers. As a theme it is interesting, but no more. There is no single person for whom one's sympathies are excited, or one's emotions touched. Even the two little ones are cardboard characters, casually designed as murderer's bait and an excuse for the story.

PRINCE ISIDORE (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) is a novel that would be impossible to classify except as an entertainment, and one for the worldly reader, at that. Mr. Harold Acton has found in the history of Naples an odd fact that Stendhal too has noted. It is the superstitious belief in the *jettatura*, the power of casting a spell by touch, word or look, or by all three, the look, however, being the most penetrating, persistent and potent of them all. In the early eighteenth century it seems that one Prince Isidore Pizzofalcone was, from birth, the most powerful of the *jettatores*, and that although he grew up to riches and great position, he also grew up to a fame of an unwelcome kind. Mr. Acton writes of this unfortunate gentleman and his misadventures with considerable elegance and wit, and Topolski illustrates his story in like mood.

Mr. Bryan Forbes is a young man of talent and promise, both on the stage and as a writer, though the promise as yet still outruns the performance. In his own words, he has written "four lamentable novels," none of them yet published, but his volume of short stories, TRUTH LIES SLEEPING (Methuen. 9s. 6d.), is far from lamentable. Most of these tales were written while he was in the Army from 1944 to 1948, and most of them, too, show the influence of the war and Army life, even indirectly. They are blunt in expression, but at the same time sensitive in thought, and I look forward to reading more of his work, particularly the new novel on which he is now engaged.

Mr. Christopher La Farge writes with a more practised hand, and there is a smooth ease about the stories in his book, ALL SORTS AND KINDS (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.). Each of them is extremely readable, for that is a *sine quâ non* for those who write for American magazines, and each of them too has a sound idea for a short-story plot behind it. The Maughamesque twist is lacking, and one or two of the stories seem to leave off, rather than be ended, but apart from that the construction is invariably sound. Mr. La Farge appends working notes to each story, explaining when each was written, what was its genesis, and how it fared in publication. These details will be of more interest to another writer than to the reader, whom they may even disconcert.

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A SIGN FOR LANIVET INN: Mrs. Joy Cooper, of St. Austell, Cornwall, a farmer's wife, spends much of her spare time making signs for public-houses in the district. The Giant Panda for Lanivet is perhaps the most striking of her recent creations. Seated in the foreground, toying thoughtfully with a tube of paint, is Mrs. Cooper's four-year-old son

FIRST VIEW (Faber. 10s. 6d.) is not simply an anthology of stories about children, but a collection of stories—many of them brilliant—by different writers, each of them showing the world from the child's point of view. Mr. G. F. Green, who has selected them, quotes Cocteau, who wrote about the child's point of view: "The child shares with the genius this peculiarity of making the most unexpected and most rapid connections between things. This results in a shock, a spark, a flash of light which cannot happen when the mechanism of the mind jogs on with prudence." Among the writers whose work appears in this quite fascinating book are Saki, D. H. Lawrence, and Walter de la Mare.

The most witty and the most profound of Mr. C. E. Vulliamy's imaginary "memoirs" is his latest volume, HENRY PLUMDEW (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), which purports to be this gentleman's experiences and opinions during the years 1938 to 1948. Mr. Vulliamy has a light and adept hand at this kind of thing, as he has shown in the past, but I think that none of his previous experiments in this very special *genre* has succeeded as completely as this one. The Henry concerned is, at the opening of the book, an English gentleman of forty-nine with a brother, Arthur, six years older than himself by the calendar but immeasurably younger by any philosophic rating. Henry and Arthur share a house in London, unencumbered by such handicaps as wives or children, and only faintly bothered by a possessive elderly cook. During the war they move, alternately, near London or in Wales, but none of these journeys affects Henry's keen sense of world affairs, and he gives successively a very clear picture of the early days of Civil Defence, and a hilarious sketch of some aspects of the Home Guard, as organised in a remote village. Mr. Vulliamy speaks clearly through his chosen characters, and sometimes prophetically. ". . . I was trying to explain . . . that Liberalism is an attitude or state of mind, adjectival to a political system; and it will never be the state of mind of the common people, to whose understanding there exist only the comprehensible extremes of Conservatism and Socialism. It's a philosophy, I said." Mr. Vulliamy, it seems clear, would never lose his deposit.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Presenting "The Edwardian Story"

Shaw Desmond, that ebullient Anglo-Irish writer who has set his fiction and has lived his life against a wide range of backgrounds, who in an adventurous career has sailed round the Horn, travelled 7,000 miles in Africa, worked in the Fleet Street of Lord Northcliffe, and contested an election against the legendary John Burns, has obviously enjoyed himself hugely in writing THE EDWARDIAN STORY (Rockliff. 18s.). He has presented a picture of the age as he now thinks it appeared to him, a young man hovering between the '20's and the '30's and possessing an infinite capacity for tasting the sweets of life. It is an engaging book, full of gentle raillery, good humour and a great measure of longing. Mr. Desmond has many a sally at the vademecums of the period, the books of etiquette which could make life so very complicated. The theatre and the music hall of Edwardian days he remembers with unclouded pleasure, the Queen's Hall concerts at which Patti, Melba and Tetrazzini sang were an unfailing delight. To his reminiscent eyes the skies were always blue at those Edwardian Ascots and Goodwoods; the Derby roar was never louder. It was an enchanted world in which the women were beautiful and gay, and all was for the best. So let it be! There will be a host of readers ready to make this sentimental journey back across four decades; but few will agree with Mr. Desmond's publishers that this is a faithful picture of Edwardian England.

John Buxton, Fellow of New College, Oxford, Tutor in English Literature, and poet, was a prisoner in German hands for five years during the Second World War. Like many other men, who found time hanging heavily, he decided to concentrate upon a given subject. Mr. Buxton chose that beautiful small bird, the Redstart, which, though in this country the secretive inhabitant of the wood edge, appears to enjoy on the Continent contacts with the haunts of men. The result of John Buxton's researches is now published in the latest monograph in the New Naturalist Series, THE REDSTART (Collins. 12s. 6d.). It is a model of careful observation of "a gay and beautiful being" which, in the swift complexity of three or four years, adorns the woods and gardens of the north and the wilderness of Africa with the brilliance of its plumage and gives pleasure to those who may hear it with the sweet elaboration of its song. Mr. Buxton writes as an ornithologist and as a poet; his is a rare and happy combination of talents.

In 1950, with the relaxation of the monetary restrictions many more people will be making the North Sea crossing from Tilbury to Göteborg to claim acquaintance for the first time with the land of Sweden. Needless to say, their first contact with Sweden will be with the Swedes themselves, and doubtless, like Bayard Taylor, the American traveller, they will find them welcoming and friendly, despite a certain air of conventionality; but they are not an easy people to sum up, and their land, with its climatic divergencies, is not an easy one to know in a short space of time, hence the value of Ingvar Andersson's INTRODUCTION TO SWEDEN (Allen and Unwin. 21s.), which has been produced at the behest of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Stockholm. It is a truly comprehensive survey of this "modern democracy on ancient foundations."

It has for long been the fate of Stevenson's *Inland Voyage* to be published with, and overshadowed by, *Travels With a Donkey*, although the story of the author's canoe trip through the waterways of France and Belgium has little enough connection with the tale of his goading of Modestine through the mountains of the Cevennes. AN INLAND VOYAGE (Falcon Press. 7s. 6d.) now appears in a new edition of its own, and right welcome it is. R.L.S. had a predilection for travelling "in any old clothes," and the result was sometimes disastrous, as witness his arrival with his friend at the famed inn at La Fére, where "a rattle of many dishes came to our ears; we sighted a great field of tablecloth; the kitchen glowed like a forge and smelt like a garden of things to eat." But the landlady, flushed, full of affairs, would have none of them, regarding R.L.S. as a pedlar. "Out with you—out of the door!" she screeched. "*Sortez! sortez! sortez par la porte!*" It was not Stevenson's first or last experience of the kind, and he recounts how in the valley of the Loire he was taken for a seller of pornographic postcards, and later hauled as a vagrant before the Commissary at Chatillon.

The first English edition of Daniel-Rops' ISRAEL AND THE ANCIENT WORLD (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.) is now published. When the book first appeared in Paris during the war years it was banned by the Germans, and the plates were destroyed. No book has so far taken the Old Testament story in this way and so distinctly placed it in relationship to the development of other civilisations.

Satis N. Coleman's VOLCANOES, NEW AND OLD (Museum Press. 16s.) neatly fills the need for a comprehensive book on this subject. It is written for the general reader, and includes an excellent series of photographs.

Yet another book on the ballet—and they have been legion of recent years—is Fernau Hall's MODERN ENGLISH BALLET (Andrew Melrose. 20s.). The author shows the evolution of the art in this country after a preface dealing with the international background.

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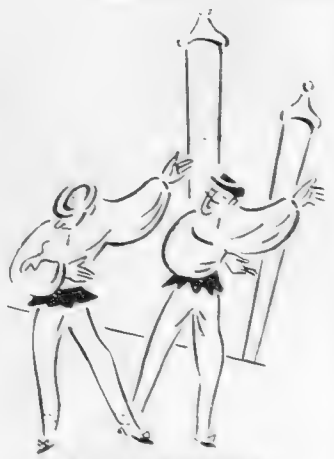

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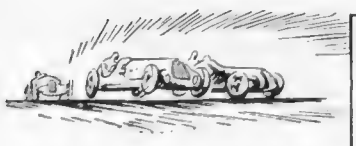

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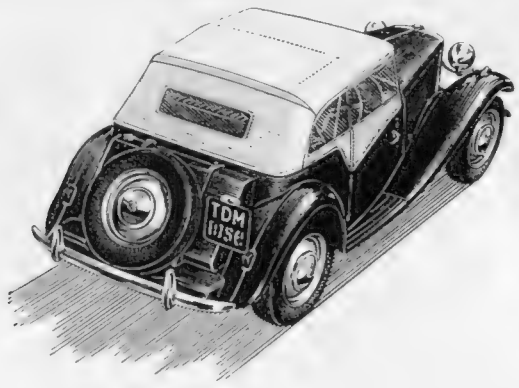

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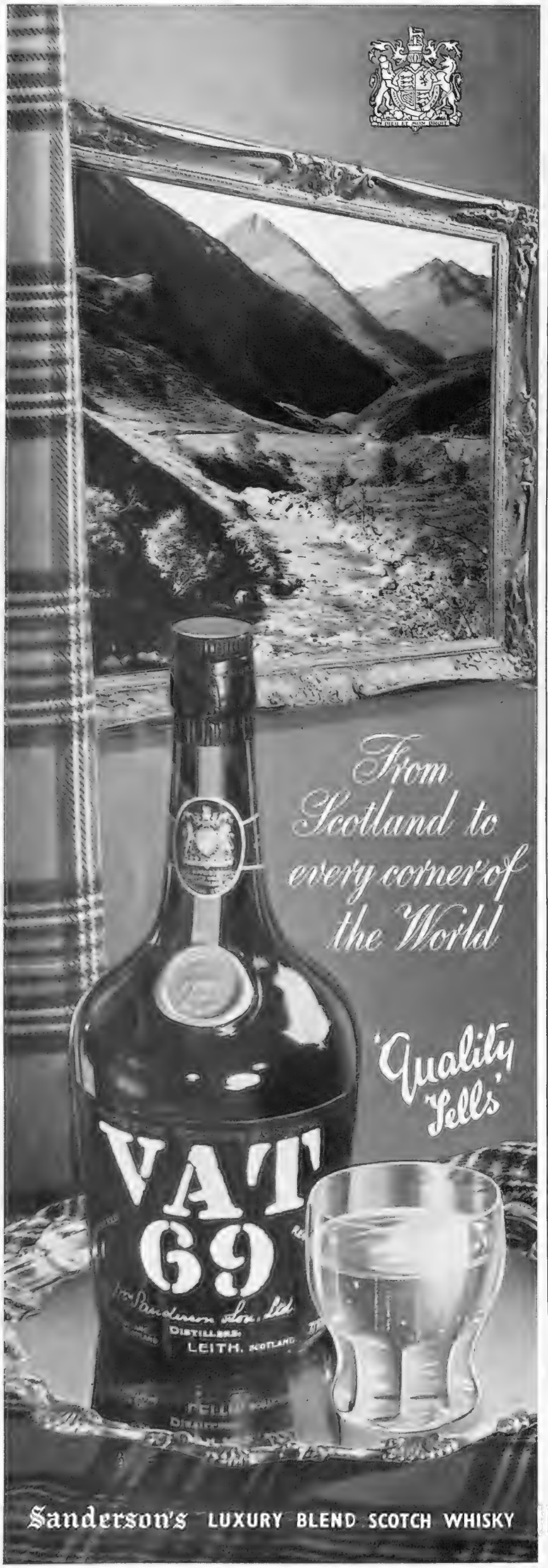

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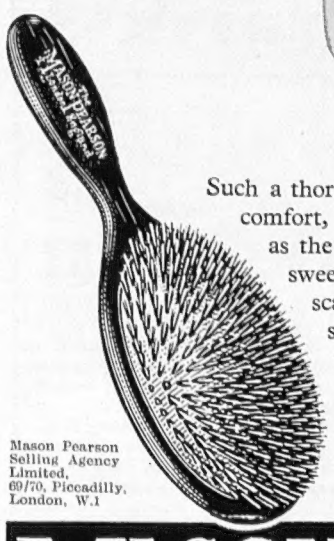

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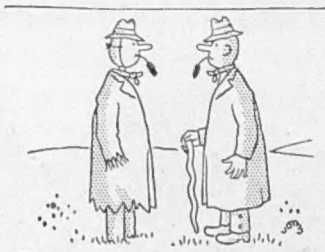

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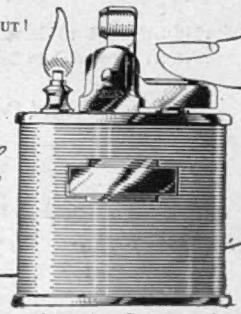

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